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FOR UNITED METHODISTS
AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1973

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By All Means, They Spread the Word
Bioethics: The Questions Are Getting Tougher
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The Faces of Dos Mundos

See pages 24-27

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Welcoming a Ruling—Without Chortles

MUCH could be said about the U.S. Supreme Court's recent ruling against tax credits, tuition reimbursements, and other forms of indirect government aid to nonpublic schools. Much, in fact, has been said about it. Too much, some might say. It is the kind of ruling which excites either vigorous support and affirmation or ill-tempered disapproval, depending on one's point of view.

In this case the lines of separation are rather clearly drawn. They happen to fall between U.S. religious groups that in recent years have made heartening progress toward understanding and appreciating each other better. It would be highly unfortunate if the court's ruling were to undo all that. Roman Catholics, whose parochial school system is by far the nation's largest nonpublic educational enterprise, are not surprisingly perturbed that the Supreme Court has struck down what they had hoped would be a constitutionally acceptable way for their schools to receive public support. Some Catholic reactions, like one leader's appraisal of this "illogical, unjust, and discriminating exercise of raw judicial power," have been exaggerated. And some Protestants have chortled gleefully that the Catholics finally got their comeuppance from the court.

The court's ruling is a broadly inclusive decision which seems to us firmly based on the First Amendment principle of church-state separation, and we welcome it—without chortles. Catholic parents have every right to choose parochial education for their children. But there is no constitutional guarantee that such private schooling be supported by everybody's tax dollars. We have to admire the strength of Catholic parents' conviction that religiously oriented education is important to their children. (Goodness knows all too few Protestants are fully attentive to the Christian education of their own children.) But we feel also that Catholic parents' desire for their children to have this special schooling should be accompanied by a willingness to pay for it.

As Protestants welcoming the new court ruling as a reinforcement of our belief in the separation of church and state, we would do well to remind ourselves that it is a principle which applies to all Americans. If we like to see it applied to prevent parochial schools having access to public funds, we should acknowledge that the principle is no less valid when the Supreme Court says that the Constitution prevents a state-run school from fostering religious exercises in its classrooms. If the principle has validity in one case, it must have validity in all.

It would be fair for Protestants to admit that the Catholic school emerged in U.S. history as a defense mechanism against Protestant domination of the public life of many communities, including the public schools. Even yet in many localities where they are a large majority, Protestants have trouble resisting the temptation to believe that the public school system is in fact "ours" and that a prayer or a Bible reading or a devotional exercise which suits them and their children ought to be acceptable to everybody.

Catholic leaders and state legislators working with them (out of what must be various and sundry motives) have tried a variety of ways to secure public funds to aid parochial education. Some of the methods—providing bus transportation, textbooks, and auxiliary services—have been approved by the courts. Now that the tax credit and tuition reimbursement plans have been denied, other new ideas no doubt will be sought. We trust the courts to decide if the new plans are acceptable under the Constitution.

If the court ultimately holds that there are ways for public money to be used legitimately in the public interest to help educate children in nonpublic schools, fine. Protestants have no reason to want all Catholic schools to close, and they should be willing to accept such a court ruling as they now expect Catholics to accept the decision which went against them. In the meanwhile, it might be well to avoid overreacting to such stridencies as one Catholic leader's description of the Supreme Court ruling as "a terrible blow at our American tradition of freedom in the important area of education."

What seems most important is that neither Protestants nor Catholics should forget where we are now as fellow Christians compared to where we once were. A mere 15, no 12, years ago American Catholics and Protestants viewed each other with mutual suspicion, distrust, even fear. We have come a long way since then, thanks mainly to the efforts and the spirit of a venerable old Italian whose memory both Protestants and Catholics bless.

Let us not permit all of the positive change that has happened in these past dozen years to be dissipated in tit-for-tat exchanges of bitterness over the school issue. We must be honest with each other about our real differences, of course. But we can do that without raising our voices.

—Your Editors

Two languages and three cultural backgrounds show in the features of these attractive young Texans. As children, perhaps, their difficulties in learning, communicating, and becoming friends are not as great on the playground as they will be in the classroom and later in life. To help such children bridge the cultural gaps, Dos Mundos Schools of Corpus Christi have established a program of innavative, creative, and individualized education for children ages three to nine. [See the pictorial on pages 24-27.]

Together®

FOR UNITED METHODISTS

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1973

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Jottings

Only a few years ago one of the articles in this issue would have been considered either a spoof or simply wild-eyed science fiction.

But the Rev. **Bruce Hilton**'s article, *Bioethics: The Questions Are Getting Tougher* [page 21] approaches the subject rather conservatively, if somewhat apprehensively. Watching scientists attempting to play God with life itself has caused many to anticipate almost insoluble moral dilemmas ahead.

Where will it lead? From test-tube babies to genetic engineering that would enable scientists to create multiple copies of a single individual?

How about a thousand Hitlers? Or, on the other hand, a thousand Einsteins? Or a thousand saints?

Last February, Bruce Hilton was associate for publications with the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences in New York State. Toward the end of the month he wrote: "I'm leaving the Institute to concentrate for a while on a major concern of mine: writing and speaking for the general public about the issues involved in biomedical advances." Since then he has established a magazine, *Genetic Counseling,* with an editorial board of distinguished doctors and biologists.

Mr. Hilton, who lives in New Jersey, is a member of the Minnesota Conference of The United Methodist Church. Born in Plymouth, Wis., he worked on newspapers in Indianapolis and Dayton, Ohio, and studied for the ministry at United Theological Seminary in the latter city. He was an editor of youth publications for the former Evangelical United Brethren Church and is the author of four books. Each of his books has grown out of his own interests and experiences—human and race relations, the Delta Ministry with which he served, aviation (he earned his pilot's license as a member of a Dayton flying club called the Soarheads), and his study of the biomedical revolution.

Every time someone complains that members of our younger generation lack initiative, ambition, courage, and the spirit of adventure —well, we can only point to such as Rex Damschroder of Bowling Green, Ohio, subject of *Alone Over the Atlantic* [page 14].

Rex, by the way, has contracted to fly yet another missionary plane—his fifth—to Africa early this fall.

"You can be sure I'll never take the South Atlantic route again," he says. His reasons are clear enough in his account of a harrowing Christmas Eve flight last year.

We haven't talked with **Mary Ella Stuart** [see her *A Morning at Ebenezer,* page 39] since her husband was elected bishop in 1964, but we vividly recall her charm, kindness, and sensitivity. Says Bishop R. Marvin Stuart: "She loves to cook, to work in the garden, and to entertain. She doesn't like the idea of a bishop's wife being entertained always by others. She wants people to come to her own home."

As you will gather from *I Remember Our Country Church* [page 18], the family of Mrs. **Marjorie Todd Graham** moves around the country a great deal. After one of her husband's transfers, she prepared to drive to join him after the school term.

"I'm notorious for getting lost," she tells us. "Picturing myself vaguely wandering midwestern roads . . . I wondered if Dad shouldn't fly back to Connecticut to drive us out. But our oldest said in her practical way: 'I think you should do it. Daddy's not used to us any more, and he couldn't stand such a long trip with the three of us fighting in the back seat.' "

He came trudging in one day back in 1959, a Colorado farm boy with unusual qualities: wide experience on both city and small-town newspapers, an intense devotion to his church, and a seemingly unlimited capacity for hard work. We believed then that **Paige Carlin** was destined to play a larger role in religious journalism.

Recently appointed acting editor of *Together* and acting editorial director of general church periodicals, he succeeds Dr. **Curtis A. Chambers** who moves on to become executive director of the Joint Committee on Communications.

Mr. Carlin, at 44, has served as managing editor of *Together* since 1964.

—*Your Editors*

First Church, Collingswood, New Jersey...

'By All Means –

This 1,350-member congregation is in a conservative, mostly white town just 12 minutes by train southeast of downtown Philadelphia. Working hard to meet the needs of members and neighbors alike, the church sponsors a storefront mission in nearby Camden and heavily supports many missions projects. Guiding the congregation are the Rev. Philip Everett Worth (far right); his wife and co-Bible teacher, "Dot" (above); two part-time pastors who minister to the sick, shut-ins, and elderly; and a full-time youth director.

FIRST United Methodist Church of Collingswood, N.J., is a church of tradition, patriotic pride, and strict moral and dogmatic principles. Many classes and services have changed little in purpose and form in half a century; patriotic anthems are met with fervent "Amens," and church-school teachers must accept the infallibility of the Bible and refrain from smoking and drinking.

First Church also is a loving, feeling, giving, growing church. It started and maintains an effective storefront mission in a poor black section of nearby Camden. It fulfills all its World Service and other United Methodist apportionments and gives additional large sums to nondenominational, evangelical missions projects and to missionary couples and individuals in the U.S., Africa, Europe, Asia, and South America. It reaches scores of neighborhood youth through basketball, special social programs, and in-the-community witnessing. More than 100 individual members of the congregation have gone into full-time Christian service in its 87-year history.

Spread the Word!'

Text by Martha A. Lane
Pictures by George P. Miller

Collingswood, incorporated as a borough of Haddon Township in 1888, and the then Methodist Episcopal congregation grew up together. In fact, many Methodists have served as mayors, councilmen, and other city leaders, a fact which partially accounts for Collingswood's history as a dry, closed-on-Sunday community.

The text for the congregation's first sermon, preached in January, 1887, was Philippians 4:19: "And my God will supply every need of yours according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Through the depression years, fire, and other hard times, say Collingswood members, God has been faithful to his Word.

Today the 1,350-member congregation sees itself primarily as "a center of missions and evangelism." Basically that boils down to getting people to the church for all kinds of worship and study experiences and sending both members and money to missions fields at home and abroad.

Church school always has been a very important part of the congregation's life. In the 1920s, more than 1,100 would turn out for the afternoon Sunday-school sessions. Today's average attendance is much below that, but many other congregations would rejoice to hit First Church's mark of 500 nearly every week.

There is a place for everyone, regardless of age, in the church school. The program is administered by a general superintendent, Paul Shaerer, and four departmental superintendents—for children, junior-highs, senior-highs, and adults.

"Every teacher is handpicked," Superintendent Shaerer explains. "The senior minister, the superintendent, and the minister of education ask questions of each teacher candidate, about doctrine, their beliefs, and so on. Selecting teachers is done with a lot of prayer."

Some classes are team-taught while others have individual leaders. There are 13 adult classes. While the church-school hour is 9:45 to 10:45 on Sunday mornings, many classes also have regular socials.

Worship is important to Collingswood members, too. Two identical Sunday morning services draw nearly 700

The Wesleys undoubtedly would be pleased by the lusty congregational singing of their hymns in Collingswood. The ministry of music includes five vocal choirs and two English handbell choirs. On Sunday evenings a "pick-up" orchestra accompanies the congregation, continuing a 60-year church-orchestra tradition. Here's Harry Knisell on the tuba.

worshipers regularly. There are five vocal choirs and two English handbell choirs. The sermons are expository and the entire service is unapologetically evangelical. Sunday evening services are marked by lusty congregational singing to the accompaniment of the church orchestra, special music, and more preaching. Summer Sunday evening services feature guest speakers or other special programs. This year's, for example, ran from the presentation of *Lightshine*, a contemporary musical by the senior-high youth, to a sermon by the president of Philadelphia College of Bible.

The airing of the 11 a.m. Sunday worship service on radio station WTMR is one of several ministries of the church's evangelism commission. Regarded primarily as a shut-in ministry, it reaches an estimated listening audience of 10,000. This year the commission helped originate an area-wide Ford Philpot crusade as a *Key 73* program. It brought the Billy Graham film *Time to Run* to neighborhood theaters, then urged church members to take their unchurched friends to the movie.

The church's visitation program is another major responsibility of the evangelism commission. Members are trained in 12 to 14 weekly sessions to go out in twos to visit in homes. (A recent series had 70 trainees.) "We call on people who visit our church and who have no other church home," explains Dave Duffey, evangelism commission chairman. "Our primary purpose is not to get them to join our church but to introduce them to Christ."

Evangelism is the goal of most youth programs at Collingswood. Since June, 1972, Dick Esher has been full-time youth director. He oversees King's Kadets, a program for primary graders which is led by teen-agers; Crusaders, an adult-led program for grades 4, 5, and 6; junior and senior-high groups.

The junior-high group is "growing like crazy," Dick reports. Senior-highs meet right after the evening church service, and about 20 meet also on Monday evenings for prayer and Bible study. During the summer the young people witness in city parks and shopping malls.

"Basketball is our biggest outreach program right now," the youth director says. "I'd say 75 percent of the participants are unchurched or are Roman Catholics. Each team has an adult coach from the church. Sometime during the season the coach will get alone with each guy and tell him about Christ. This is why we opened the church to the kids, to tell them about Christ. About 100 boys play basketball and we have about two dozen or so girl cagers."

A poster in one of First Church's classrooms reads, "By all means—all the Word to all the World." It is a good summary of both the congregation's goals and its mode of operation. "Mission is something that begins at home," says Pastor Worth, the senior minister. "Most people think of it as something that happens in Africa or South America. I think it begins right here. I look upon Collingswood as being Jerusalem." His people agree.

"Jerusalem" missions work includes a Tuesday morning Bible study for all women of the community taught by the pastor's wife, Dot. Her class regularly draws 200 or more women of varied church and no-church backgrounds, many of whom are mothers of small children.

"I just live for this meeting," Mrs. Maranda Lechner, who has attended for two years, told us. "Dot brings

"Basketball is our biggest outreach program right now," says Dick Esher, youth director and sometime referee. He supervises a practice session above. About 100 boys and 25 girls are involved.

One reason the Collingswood church is financially successful is that people always know how their money is being spent. Members of these ladies' church-school class, as an example, may designate their offering in at least four different ways.

out so much that we didn't even know was in the Bible. She brings it up to our time. I came alone at first, but now I bring a car full."

Fellowship House, another at-home missions project, is the small storefront which the Collingswood church sponsors in South Camden. Formerly a dry-cleaning establishment, it now provides Bible study and recreational opportunities for about 250 different youngsters every week. In order to have space for everyone in the small building, activities are divided according to age groups: Monday, kindergarten and first grade; Tuesday morning, mothers club; Tuesday afternoon, fourth and fifth grades; Tuesday evening, junior-highs; Wednesday, third grade; Thursday, second grade; and so on. In the evenings fellowship groups meet for further training in Christian growth, handicrafts, and special activities. On Fridays, for example, high-school girls receive teachers training.

Fellowship House is a reality today because of Milton Townsend's love for Camden's inner-city people. Now in his 80s and still active at First Church, Mr. Townsend has spent a lifetime caring for the inner city, particularly through his work in the Camden Missionary Society. Mr. Townsend's interests aroused the imagination of Fran Casperson, another First Church member. For eight years she has been at the organizational helm of Fellowship House. She first interested her fellow church members, then other denominations, then community organizations, in supporting Fellowship House.

About 60 people from First Church currently do tutoring at the storefront. Eight different denominations now are involved in the work. A hospital sends a staff person to talk with mothers about health needs, and a college extension-service person explains budgeting and related problems.

A black seminarian, Samuel Smith, lives with his wife, Helene, and their young son in the apartment above Fellowship House. Sam teaches second-grade and senior-high Bible classes at the center, also does extensive home visitation. Helene, a musician, directs the Fellowship House choir (they have a worship service every Sunday), teaches piano, and helps youngsters with individual needs. "This is not like a job," she says. "It's a full-time ministry. I would like to see the people in this community learn to enjoy life, find the wholesome things in life. Most of these people don't really have anything to live for. Liquor is such a problem here; there are frequent murders; there have been riots."

Regardless of the activity, the storefront's first emphasis is sharing God's Word. For example, every bag of clothes that goes out has a tract or a Scripture portion in it; one week the mothers club sews, the next they have Bible study. Bible teachers include both men and women from First Church, black mothers from the neighborhood, and even volunteers from Collingswood

Manor, a United Methodist home. One teacher from the home, an 83-year-old, says working at Fellowship House is the greatest Christian experience of her life.

"There are a hundred things Christians have found they can do through Fellowship House," says Fran Casperson. "It's the Book of Acts all over again—the Holy Spirit changes lives. We're just the channels. I say to people, This is normal Christianity. God's people should care. Jesus said to go and tell. When you do, there are some people who believe."

First Church's commission on missions is able to accomplish what most churches only dream of. Their church budget tells the story. The current budget totals $178,845, of which $61,179 is for missions: national missions, $20,900; foreign, $24,600; other benevolences including World Service, $15,679. Their secret, says commission chairman Kenneth Kaighn, is that they personalize missions—they give the congregation an opportunity to know the people they're supporting.

While most missions money goes through regular Methodist channels, the church also supports many non-United Methodist projects. Central Alaskan Missions (CAM) in Glennallen is one such example. CAM was founded in 1936 by the late Rev. Vincent J. Joy, who was converted at First Church and went into the ministry from there. The church has supported CAM's four-fold ministry of village work, a hospital, a radio station, and a Bible college ever since.

The congregation is literally in constant touch with their mission fields. *Mission Missile*, a newsletter containing excerpts from missionaries' letters and news of current needs, goes to the entire membership. (Every missionary receiving support from the church is required to make a written report at least once a year.) Each October the congregation's week-long missionary conference brings dozens of missionaries and special speakers to Collingswood. The program features special activities for youth, women, men, and children, as well as nightly worship services.

During the 1971 missionary conference, a Faith Promise program was initiated. People pledged to give a specific sum in 15 weeks, over and above their regular pledge, for special missionary needs. Last year's Faith Promise raised more than $13,000.

Everyone in the church gives to missions. The pennies donated by children at Fellowship House (last year's total was $120) go to work in Africa, South America, and New York. Seventy-two high-school youth and their counselors last winter raised $2,800 for a missionary couple going to Nigeria. Many church-school classes also have special missions projects.

No age group is overlooked at First Church. Leisure Time, a program basically for retired people, has more than 200 members. They go on frequent trips, thanks to the church bus, and get together monthly at the church for an inexpensive hot lunch and a special program.

Because the church seems sincerely willing to help everyone, people are willing to help the church. H. Nelson Gray, a founder of Leisure Time and who is "only" 85 years old, is a fitting example. "Shortly before I retired I said, Lord, you give me health and strength and I'll give you my time after I'm retired," he explains almost shyly. He has been keeping the church's books ever since. □

Fellowship House is a center of Bible study in nearby Camden. It was begun by First Church; now receives help from seven other denominations. In spite of very limited space, the tidy, efficiently run center serves 250 young people weekly.

NEWS

LAITY CONFERENCE: REAL ENTHUSIASM FOR MORE OF THE SAME

United Methodism's first National Conference of Laity in mid-July was a disappointment in numbers but a success in its mix of men, women, and youth and a smash in its enthusiasm for more of the same. Like its predecessor men-only quadrennial conferences, this one met on the spacious campus of Purdue University, West Lafayette, Ind. Likewise it featured preaching, worship services, Bible study, small discussion groups, provocative drama, and exposure to general church programs and personnel. New this time was a session on creative play. Registration hit approximately 3,000, and the conference seemed likely to break even financially despite a rush of late cancellations which one conference official said might have been caused, in part, by men boycotting any conference with women and youth. An estimated one third of the participants were women, and some 500 youth attended. Several families came on vacation. At the final Sunday morning session the General Board of Discipleship announced that it has placed a tentative hold on the Purdue facilities for a similar conference in 1977.

RECEIPTS INCREASE FOR CHURCH'S GENERAL PROGRAMS

Support of worldwide United Methodist benevolent and administrative programs gained some $2 million for the first half of 1973 over the same period a year ago, according to R. Bryan Brawner, general treasurer of the denomination. Largest increase was to the United Methodist Committee on Relief, up 104 percent. In other fiscal news, reports are that United Methodists are investing less in their national development fund which makes loans to churches for building purposes. One official explained that investors can get higher rates from banks and other financial institutions, but this helps the United Methodist Development Fund, too, since it also can earn more on its funds. The fund will continue to pay investors 6½ percent and charge borrowing churches 7½ percent, at least through December 31. The Board of Pensions recently approved initial steps toward establishing a tax-deferred annuity program as a possible supplement to retirement income for ministers and church lay workers. And a general insurance program announced in late spring by the Council on Finance and Administration was averaging about 100 requests per day for quotations on casualty and workmen's compensation insurance. A program of individual insurance--property, auto--for ministers and church lay workers is still being developed. Finally, Pax World Fund, begun two years ago with Board of Church and Society staffers as its principal officers, announced a cash dividend of 20¢ per share and was rated among the top 15 percent of U.S. mutual funds in terms of performance.

OVERSEAS MISSIONERS ENCOURAGED TO SEEK ADDITIONAL SUPPORT

There are several causes for decline in United Methodism's number of overseas missionaries, but the main cause right now is lack of funds, according to the Rev. John F. Schaefer, associate general secretary, World Division, Board of Global Ministries. The World Division, which has established 922 as the minimum number of missionaries needed, has appealed to the missionaries to solicit missionary support across the church, primarily among their own constituents....Elsewhere, Methodists of the Geneva Area and the Northern Europe Area report emphasizing ministries as varied as evangelism, lay training,

making the localchurch more effective, services to aged and youth in trouble, and overseas missionaries....Despite violence in Northern Ireland, the Irish Methodist Conference set a record in 1972 for overseas missions giving and voted to hold a consultation with Catholics in September.

YOUNG DELEGATE VOTES TO REMOVE ▶ AGE BARRIER

Wayne Brown

A vote to remove the age barrier for lay delegates to general, jurisdictional, or central conferences was cast by Don Symington, 19, as he represented two churches on one charge in recent North Dakota Annual Conference sessions. Average age of the persons he represented is about 50.

CHURCH HISTORIAN FORESEES RELIGION AS CENTRAL IN '70s

A professor of modern church history predicted recently that religion will be the central force shaping American culture in the 1970s. Dr. Martin E. Marty of the University of Chicago also predicted that a great deal of pro-and-con talk on Watergate, for example, "will turn out to be explicitly religious--a discussion of morality, guilt, and the purpose of life." United Methodists were among those proving the immediate truth of Dr. Marty's observations. Several annual conferences adopted statements on Watergate. Southern California-Arizona acknowledged "our guilt as individuals and as a religious community in our failure to both see and confront the pervasiveness of dishonesty and corruption in our society." Bishop Roy C. Nichols of the Pittsburgh Area said, "Watergate was possible because too few people had too much power, too much money, too much secrecy, and too little accountability....Only God, because of his inherent goodness, can be trusted with absolute power. Every human enterprise must be kept under the scrutiny of continuous accountability." Members of Troy Conference in New York and Vermont urged federal and state public representatives "to put forth special efforts to establish honesty and legality in government." New York Conference urged that public investigation with full disclosure of all the evidence continue through its natural course of procedure.

ANNUAL CONFERENCES APPARENTLY REJECT TWO AMENDMENTS

Annual conferences in early summer sessions apparently supported six proposed amendments to the United Methodist constitution and rejected two, but the final canvass by the Council of Bishops will come in November. Reports indicated the necessary aggregate two-thirds majority of all conferences favoring removal of masculine language from the constitution; elimination of minimum age for general, jurisdictional, and central conference delegates; equalization of the number of lay-clergy members of annual conferences; and paving the way for possible autonomy of the Puerto Rico Conference. Conferences rejected attempts to permit General Conference to be held every two years and to allow lay persons to vote on ministers' relations to annual conferences.

Restructuring was a big item for one third of the conferences, bringing many conference structures in line with general-church structure. At least 15 conferences approved restructuring, effective either immediately or this year. Several emphasized programming at the district level. Amnesty resolutions brought close votes in some cases, but five conferences supported full amnesty for persons refusing military service in Viet Nam. Abortion was also considered in several conferences with mixed reactions and results. Mississippi conferences completed formal merger of black and white units, marking the end of segregated United Methodist structures. The new North Mississippi Conference chose some blacks to head agencies, but the Mississippi Conference chose board chairmen only from the former white conference. North Indiana blacks, meanwhile, asked for greater visibility in their conference structure. Other actions affecting minorities included approval of a Mexican-American ministry in Kansas West, and Iowa Conference assistance in establishing an Indian development center in Des Moines.

OKLAHOMA CITY CHURCH DEBT-FREE ▶ ON BUILDING

A. Y. Owen

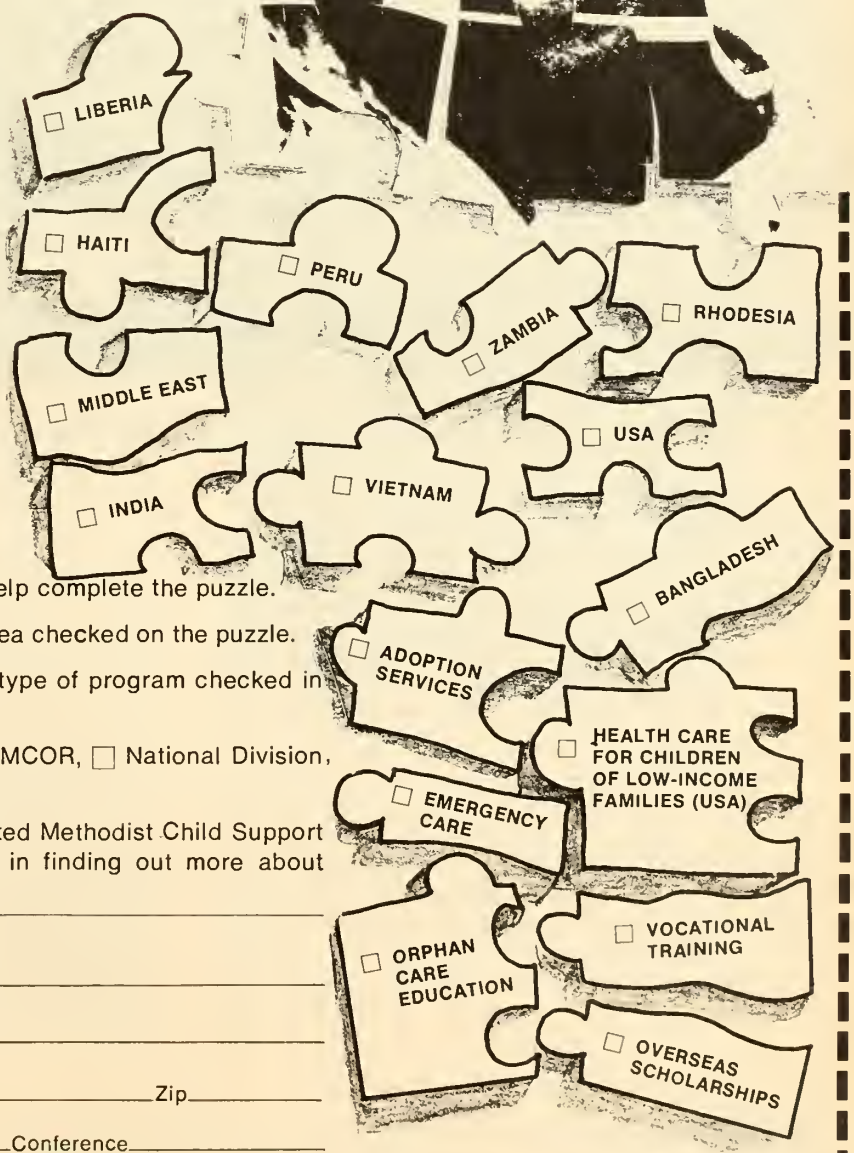
The debt was paid off recently on the impressive, tower-topped building serving St. Luke's United Methodist Church, Oklahoma City. The antique car behind Bishop Paul W. Milhouse (left) and the senior minister, the Rev. Irving L. Smith, was part of a parade symbolizing the years that have rolled by since the congregation was organized.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

Recently named acting editor of Together and acting editorial director of general church periodicals is F. Paige Carlin, 44, managing editor of Together since 1964 and a staff member since 1959. A permanent successor to the Rev. Curtis A. Chambers will be chosen by the General Board of Publication in October. Dr. Chambers left the periodicals staff in July to become first executive secretary of the United Methodist Joint Committee on Communications....First full-time executive secretary of Methodists Associated Representing the Cause of Hispanic Americans is the Rev. Josafat F. Curti of Pueblo, Colo....New president of the National Association of Church Business Administrators is John Lockridge, business administrator at St. Luke's Church, Oklahoma City....Mrs. John E. Hutchinson of Los Angeles recently became the first woman to receive the Lay Person of the Year award from the Southern California-Arizona Annual Conference....New director of United Methodism's Asian Caucus is The Rev. Jonah J. Chang, formerly a pastor in Alameda, Calif.... Mrs. J. C. Penney was recently elected an honorary life member of the American Bible Society. She and her late husband were benefactors of the society....Recently featured in separate stories in the Detroit Free Press were the Rev. Lewis L. Redmond for his 21-year ministry in the inner city and Mrs. Joyce Hughey, portrait artist and mother of seven who developed a cartoon series featuring the hand of God....Brentwood Church, Nashville, recently received an organ given as a memorial to her mother by Mrs. Henry Cannon, better known as Cousin Minnie Pearl of the Grand Ole Opry....United Methodist-related Hendrix College in Conway, Ark., will establish a $4 million Wilbur D. Mills Center for the Study of Social Sciences, honoring its alumnus and trustee and chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee.

ONE FACE IN A MILLION

- United Methodists provide some of the vital needs of more than a million children each day.
- The needs of the world's children call for increased support.
- Help complete the puzzle by providing an Advance Special gift.
- Every dollar given goes for the care of the child.
- Administrative and promotional overheads are cared for by World Service and One Great Hour Of Sharing.
- Will you care for one in a million?
- You can choose *where*, *how*, and in *what way* your gift will be transformed into care and hope.



Herewith is my gift of $_____ to help complete the puzzle.

I would like my gift to be used in the area checked on the puzzle.

I would like my gift to be used in the type of program checked in the puzzle.

Please designate my gift through ☐ UMCOR, ☐ National Division, ☐ World Division.

Please send further details on the United Methodist Child Support program. I am particularly interested in finding out more about

_____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Church_____ Conference_____

DETACH AND RETURN PAGE

ALONE OVER THE ATLANTIC

By Herman B. Teeter
Associate Editor, *Together*

LATE ON THE NIGHT of December 24, 1972, a lightplane took off from Recife, Brazil, and headed out across the South Atlantic on a 2,000-mile, nonstop solo flight unprecedented in missionary aviation history.

The pilot, a 23-year-old college student, was completely on his own. There are no islands, no weather stations, no radio homing beacons across this vast expanse of the South Atlantic. He would navigate by the stars or the moon—if the sky was clear—and he would be fighting tricky head winds.

His destination: Monrovia, Liberia, on Africa's west coast. Purpose of the flight: to ferry another Cessna 180, a single-engine landplane, to a flying missionary of The United Methodist Church.

Rex Damschroder of Fremont, Ohio, stairstepped the plane through nighttime cloud layers to 9,000 feet, the altitude he hoped to maintain. Behind him the lights of Recife faded away into the dark bulk of South America. Now his life depended on the six-cylinder, 230-horsepower engine of the sturdy little all-aluminum six-seater, a plane similar to three others he had flown to African missionaries in the summer and fall of 1971.

But the previous flights all had been across well-charted northern and central Atlantic routes followed by the giant transocean jets. These had been so well monitored and weather mapped that he had felt as safe as he would at home in bed. At this time of year, however, the stormy North Atlantic was out of the question for a lightplane because of possible icing. It was the South Atlantic or nothing, and the mission plane was urgently needed in Liberia.

Aboard the Cessna, jamming the pilot's seat into for-

ward position, were two 55-gallon tanks of 100-octane fuel to more than double the range of the plane. It cruised now at 150 miles an hour, the stars dimmed by moonlight.

"The moon isn't the best heavenly body for navigation," Rex said, "but I had to use it to obtain a rough celestial fix on my position."

Flying on instruments, out of touch with the world, with no hope of ever being found should the plane go down, he had no way of knowing that a violent line of thunderstorms was building up along the equator—directly in his line of flight.

At 1 a.m. Christmas morning, Rex knew he was still well southwest of the equator, flying over water nearly three miles deep in places. His was possibly the only aircraft—commercial or private—in hundreds of miles.

Around 2 a.m., he saw the first sullen, explosive flaring of lightning in the distance. A licensed pilot since he was 16, veteran of more than 4,000 hours flying time, in good weather and bad, Rex knew that thunderstorms are among the greatest dangers a pilot faces.

"You don't climb over a 40,000-foot thunderhead in a light prop plane," he explained. "I had no radar to help me pick my way through the storm, no control-tower operator to tell me the extent of the disturbance. If I tried to go around, I might end up hundreds of miles off course without enough fuel to reach land."

He flew straight ahead—and plunged into the storm.

Solid sheets of water battered the Cessna. Flying blind in heavy turbulence, the little plane was tossed about like a kite on a blustery day.

Then, around 3 a.m., somewhere near the equator, the rain became so intense that the Cessna's engine's air intake was drowned out. The engine sputtered and died.

Back in Sandusky County, Ohio, when he was a first-grader growing up on a 160-acre farm, Rex Damschroder took his first flight in an old plane purchased by his father, a World War II navy pilot. His father, Gene, who last year ran successfully for his first term as a member of the state legislature, later established Progress Field, an excellent airport near Fremont. At 13, the boy took the controls of a plane for the first time, and he was ready to solo on his 16th birthday.

Only a few days after that birthday flight alone, Rex's father handed him a map and told him to go to Wichita, Kans., to pick up a new plane and fly it back alone to Fremont. "It was the big thrill of my life, bringing that plane all 800 miles back from Wichita on my second solo flight," says Rex.

Brown-haired and blue-eyed, Rex stands slightly less than six feet tall, with a build slightly less than husky. His background is Lutheran—although he now feels "at least half Methodist"—and he is described by acquaintances as possessing an acute sense of responsibility. In the Damschroder tradition he has been able to make his own way in the world since boyhood. He has worked as a crop duster in the Sandusky County area, building up hundreds of flying hours and paying his way through nearby Bowling Green State University where he majored in geography. In high school at Fremont he won the school's first varsity letter in cross-country running, and as a senior was president of the student body.

"When Rex was a small boy," his mother says, "we nicknamed him 'Nine Lives' because of his venturesome daredevil nature. But all that changes when he takes off in a plane. He's a safe and responsible pilot, not a show-off who would buzz his girl friend's house, for example." (Rex was married last September, by the way, to a Fremont girl.) He has two older sisters and a younger brother and sister. Each member of the Damschroder family, including the mother, has a pilot's license.

Flying planes to missionaries in Africa is a compara-

Between transocean hops ferrying lightplanes to missionaries in Africa, Rex Damschroder goes back to the classroom at Bowling Green State University. A skilled aerial photographer as well as a pilot, he took the flight picture on page 14 with a camera on a fixed mount in the cockpit. To snap the color picture on page 17, he hand-held his camera as the sun broke through storm clouds after a turbulent night flight.

tively new thing, says Harry Greenberg, associate treasurer of the World Division of the United Methodist Board of Global Ministries, who hired Rex to pilot the first three planes—named *Phoenix I, II,* and *III*—to the Congo region (now Zaire). The first two went across the well-traveled North Atlantic route in the summer of 1971. Rex received permission to skip classes for a week to deliver *Phoenix III* that October.

Methodist missionaries have used small planes in Africa for several years, of course, but in the past, Mr. Greenberg explained, it was the custom to fly them to New Orleans, dismantle them, and send them to Africa via ship.

"We found the cost would be no more to fly the planes to Africa instead of shipping them," Mr. Greenberg said. "They would arrive in better condition for not having been disassembled and subjected to ocean travel."

Once in the hands of missionary pilots, the light but rugged planes are used to carry the sick to hospitals; take pastors, missionaries, and other workers to field assignments; get representatives to district and conference meetings; cart freight in and out of the bush country; and stand ready for emergencies.

"Someday newly emerging countries will have plenty of roads and good methods of transportation," Mr. Greenberg continued. "But until that day arrives, the small, single-engine plane remains the best means of getting in and out of remote church centers which serve such a vital need."

When word came that Liberia needed a new plane to replace an older one, a grave decision faced the young pilot. Flying the wintry North Atlantic was out of the question. Would it be possible to fly nonstop from Brazil to Africa—a 2,000 mile flight through nothingness?

Rex and Mr. Greenberg (who also flies and is the father of a commercial airline pilot) tested the Cessna 180 on a southern flight to the Bahamas. Then, a week before Christmas, Rex took off from his father's airport at Fremont on a pleasant but somewhat cloudy flight down the jeweled chain of Caribbean islands. It had been more than a year since the first three *Phoenix* flights—for which Rex was commended in a personal letter from President Nixon—and he was eager to fly over and photograph the beauty south of the Florida Keys.

His intense interest in geography is reflected in the numerous pictures he took over St. Thomas, Puerto Rico, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Trinidad, and South America's seemingly endless jungles and coiling rivers. These pictures make up a slide show he now presents before various groups, mostly United Methodist, "which is one of the reasons I'm beginning to feel like a Methodist myself," Rex adds.

He saw jumbled mountains on unknown islands, volcanic peaks rearing out of impossibly blue water, long stretches of white sand beaches, little clearings—and sometimes an airstrip—cut out of impenetrable jungle.

"I was fascinated by the farms I saw on the way to Brazil," Rex said. "Most of them were laid out so beautifully I couldn't help thinking how super they would be for crop dusting. Sometimes I envied the little sailing ships lazing around off the islands. In many ways the people aboard were freer than I a mile above them."

Somewhere south of St. Vincent Island he swung the plane around to get pictures of the wreck of a luxury ocean liner which he describes "as sticking up like a big tombstone on a reef." The center of the ship was burned out, but there were three swimming pools on the decks to remind him of the ship's past glory.

He found the broad, mighty maw of the Amazon River an almost terrifying sight as it poured its yellow flood into the Atlantic, staining blue water far out to sea.

Bad weather kept him grounded in Brazil, delaying for three days the long flight that was to take him into the heart of an equatorial thunderstorm.

Caught in the boiling caldron of the storm, engine dead above an angry sea, Rex said a quick prayer as he switched to an alternate carburetor air intake to utilize drier air inside the plane. Had that emergency procedure failed, nothing else could have been done to avert disaster.

The Cessna's engine started again!

On one of the *Phoenix* flights south along the African coast, he had gone through another severe thunderstorm over the Gulf of Guinea. At that time a ghostly, flickering, bluish light known as Saint Elmo's fire danced over the plane—a phenomenon often preceding a stroke of lightning. But Saint Elmo's grim glow did not visit him during the South Atlantic flight, though the plane was in the storm for almost three hours.

Before the violence and turbulence ceased, the sun was well up in a hazy sky. The automatic direction finder indicated that Africa lay somewhere ahead, just how far the young pilot had no way of knowing.

"From then on it seemed like an eternity," Rex said. "I don't mind telling you I said more than one little prayer along the way. When you are alone like that, completely out of touch with everyone else in the world and wondering if your gas will hold out, you need someone to talk to . . . and God is always handy."

He had estimated the flight would take 16 hours. When that time passed there was nothing around him but the haze and the glow of the sun, which by then had mounted overhead and was sinking in the west.

To lose the sun again, even in the haze, was like losing a close friend. "Sunrises and sunsets have always fascinated me," he said. "I've seen some unbelievable sunrises after a night flight, for example. They're worth almost anything you have to go through. There you are high in the sky with those wonderful golden rays making fairylands in the clouds, and you say to yourself, Hey, you are the only one in the world who is looking at all this beauty. There won't be anything like it again.

"Anyway, it was a great feeling to have that old sun

tap me on the shoulder as if to say, 'Man, you made it. You are still alive!' "

Hours later he saw a freighter far below, a reassuring reminder that north-south shipping lanes in African waters are fairly close to shore.

When land finally rose from the sea, his computations told him he was more than a hundred miles off course, somewhere north, in the direction of Dakar. Swinging right, he flew down along the coast of Guinea. Nearing Liberia, the first voice he heard was that of an Englishman he knew who manned the control tower at Monrovia's Roberts Field.

"You can imagine how sweet that English accent sounded," he said.

At dusk on Christmas day, 18 hours and 45 minutes after leaving Brazil, Rex put the plane down at destination. Bone tired, without sleep for two days, he fell into a hotel bed with a little prayer of thanksgiving. "If those head winds had been ten miles an hour faster, I probably wouldn't be talking to you today," he said matter-of-factly.

The plane Rex likes to think of as *Phoenix IV* has been named the *Circuit Rider* and is being flown in Liberia on missions of mercy by Robert C. Bennett, United Methodism's flying missionary from Elsinore, Calif. The World Division paid $35,000 for this Cessna, which is specially outfitted for its rugged assignments. Mr. Greenberg said the division realized $10,000 from the sale of an older plane and has prefunded a $25,000 Advance Special (special missionary gift) against hoped-for gifts from United Methodists and others.

Two Illinois United Methodist conferences—Southern and Central—gave funds toward the purchase of *Phoenix II* and *Phoenix III*. Mr. Greenberg said the World Division is hoping other conferences will see fit to underwrite the *Circuit Rider* and other planes needed in mission work. Giving for the planes is through United Methodist Advance Specials.

Rex Damschroder returned home to his bride of less than four months, to his father's inauguration as a state representative, and to his classes at Bowling Green State University. This time he flew aboard a giant commercial jet, dozing in safety and comfort high above weather disturbances of any kind.

With him he carried a Christmas present from the Rev. and Mrs. B. B. Cofield of Monrovia—the tiny, lifelike figure of an antelope, beautifully carved in wood at a Liberian leprosy colony. This memento has a permanent place atop his bookcase.

The little antelope is something he says he will treasure as long as he lives. Almost as much, he could add, as he treasures another Christmas present—the sight of the African coast after a memorable 2,000-mile flight through nothingness. □

"It was a great feeling to have the old sun tap me on the shoulder as if to say, 'You are still alive!' "

Cartoonist Graham Hunter specializes in scenes of mass activity. His view of a Sunday-school picnic, which first appeared in Together *in August, 1957, suggests the kind of church Marjorie Todd Graham remembers so well in the accompanying article. The picture prompted one of our editors to remark: "The man's a genius! I've looked at it every week for 15 years—and I never fail to see something I missed before."*

I Remember Our Country Church

By Marjorie Todd Graham

IN SPITE OF the years that have passed, I have only to think of our little country church to be there again. Our country church—the church we almost did not join.

We were city people who had moved frequently from state to state, and we were accustomed to city churches with elaborate facilities, staffed by trained leaders. When we moved again, we looked as usual at houses in town but found nothing that suited us. The house we finally bought was out in a little village with one store, one church, one service station.

Before the first Sunday, a delegation of local young people arrived to welcome our children and introduce themselves. The minister called, and later our daughters went on a hayride, coming home full of enthusiasm—it had been a wonderful evening, and everybody was lots of fun.

Our son was soon exploring the countryside with a whole set of new friends who came wheeling in on their bikes to get acquainted. He too was caught up by the attractions of country living. "Guess what! There's going to be a strawberry social down at the church and they need all the boys they can get to crank the ice cream freezers—and then we get to eat all we want!"

We were getting involved, and it seemed only fair that before we joined the other church we had visited in town we should attend Sunday services in the little church down the road.

The morning was bright and hot when we found ourselves part of a stream of people converging on the church. Scores of children, freshly released from Sunday school, raced on the lawn; young people in their Sunday best stood talking and laughing on the steps, waiting for the church bell to ring out over the village, summoning them inside. Smiling faces, sunburned and shining, surrounded us; hearty greetings were extended. We were given bulletins and escorted to a pew while our children waved to their friends and the parents smiled a welcome.

I settled back and let first impressions sink into my mind.

Somehow, I thought, *this church is different. It is "country." Small and immaculate. Plain furnishings.* (In our last church we had been raising funds for a larger, more elaborate brass cross.) . . . *Never seen so many flowers in a church. . . . No formal arrangements—just bountiful masses of roses, peonies, iris, apparently clipped fresh from home gardens this morning. . . . Not all of the women are wearing hats. None of the girls.* (In our last church we had been disturbed about this trend.)

Sermon time. *I must try to ignore the Midwest accent and concentrate on the message. Impossible to ignore the baby in front of me though. No nursery here?* Propped on his daddy's shoulder, his head wobbly, he gazes soberly at the congregation, his stare unfocused. He enjoys the up-and-down part of the service but is growing bored and fussy now. He is passed to grandma's eager arms, which diverts him only temporarily. His blonde young mother produces a bottle, and he cuddles down with it and soon falls asleep.

It's hot; I lean forward slightly to see if my back is sticking to the pew. Bulletins are fluttering, fanning small breezes against flushed cheeks, stirring wisps of hair.

Another baby cries. He is bounced and petted and clucked to, and then everybody watches fondly as his mother carries him out. She slips in again later, the baby soundly sleeping in her arms.

The smell of coffee—where can that be coming from?

The benediction. The earnest young minister, sunburned, perspiring, arms extended over his flock in parting blessing.

Shaking hands at the door, I learn about the coffee. This is the monthly family Sunday when everyone brings a dish and stays for dinner. All very casual. The tables are ready without any apparent fuss. Midway through the service someone plugs in the coffee urn. Generous supplies of food are brought and shared by people who would rather be here than any other place they can think of.

The following week the phone rang—an invitation to the women's society meeting. Someone would pick me up. How could I say that I did not want to commit myself to anything yet?

A few nights later I found myself in the church again, listening to plans for our congregation to participate in a fair of some sort in a neighboring town. We were to be in charge of the food—for the whole week! It was matter-of-factly decided that in addition to other contributions a minimum of six pies would be expected from each member!

I sat silent as they went on from there to plan ways of acquiring stoves, refrigerators, freezers, and tubs for the week. To move these appliances, the women confidently volunteered their husbands' services.

Embarrassed to admit that I had never made more than two pies at once in my life, I let my name go down for my share. I also worked my share of hours serving the food at the fair and had fun doing it.

We joined the little country church. We grew to know its people who worked so hard every day of the week and yet always managed to give of themselves and their time.

We learned that when the church needed a fresh coat of white, the men gathered for a painting bee on a Saturday while the women prepared a hearty noon meal, making a picnic out of a big job.

We learned that the young pastor worked on church repairs along with everybody else, played ball with the boys and horseshoes with the men, called on the sick, directed the young people and took them on their outings, and somehow found time to attend his classes and prepare a sermon. Formerly a farm boy, he was also available when needed to help

mend fences or get in the hay.

We learned that the church was the center of things. Here the people worshiped, worked, and mingled socially. Here young people discovered each other, became engaged, were given showers, were married, and had their receptions. Here babies were christened. And here everyone joined older couples in celebrating special anniversaries.

I learned that while I was playing golf or bridge, these women were tending gardens and chickens, selling eggs, canning, pickling, and freezing. I learned that when the church basement and kitchen began to look a little drab, they got together and painted them. They housecleaned the sanctuary on ladders and on their knees. They made the junior-choir robes.

Study classes were always full with no particular concern about attendance quotas. Busy as their days were, these women made time for study and discussion—on the subject of prayer, for instance. And then when there was illness or accident, the word went around, and with a deep and abiding faith they prayed for the sick or injured one. More than that, they took food to the family and carried away the laundry to be washed and ironed.

I had found my "church home." I came to realize why it had grown to mean so much to me; it was full to overflowing with love. These people loved their God, they loved one another, and they had plenty left over for a newcomer. Stained glass, a brass cross, hats? Unimportant. Love was here—an abundance of it—poured out generously. It was a living force I felt when I was among them. I felt it lingering in the empty sanctuary on a weekday.

Too soon, we had to move on; and again several times since then. We have attended other churches, and we have met many other fine people.

But in spite of the years that have passed, I often think of our little country church, and to think of it is to be back there again. I am at the worship service with three generations together in the pews: ruddy grandparents, healthy young couples with babies being passed from lap to lap, youngsters crayoning in their coloring books; summer insects droning outside; roses everywhere; and the fragrance of coffee filtering up from the basement.

In the kitchen the polka-dot curtains that I made must long since have been replaced, but I'm sure the paint is still bright on the walls of the basement room where families wait for the women to finish cleaning up after a chicken dinner—men talking, children chasing each other. Or I am in the Sunday-school rooms where I taught and one daughter played the piano, classes squeezed into every available corner, downstairs and up.

I like to think that no matter what happens in the rest of the world, that country church and those country people are still there. □

Serenity From the Stars

IT WAS MY father-in-law who started it. A farmer, he was a longtime stargazer who loved stars for their beauty, majesty, and meaning.

Offhandedly he suggested one evening that I might like to "help myself to a star." At the time I thought he meant buying a few guidebooks and joining him in his hobby. But in his calm, quiet way, he must have noticed how jittery and bothered I was on that particular visit to his farm. I was a former editor adjusting not too easily to a homemaking role with three small, active children foiling my attempts to keep house within an orderly routine.

I took his suggestion—and wasn't long learning that a walk under the stars before bedtime helps me to unwind physically and quiets busy-day nerves. Whether it's warm or cold, I return invigorated.

I've learned that looking up, not down, is symbolic and causes my spirits to lift. Whatever worries I have when I start out rarely come back; if they do, they are in better perspective. I echo Ralph Waldo Emerson who, walking home at night from a troublesome meeting, found peace from the stars and chided himself: "Why so hot, little man, why so hot?"

Indeed, I say to myself, why so "hot" with worry—about entertaining my husband's boss, the kids' squabbles, or the way I burned the beans? It is harder, however, to resolve my concern about an uncertain world and my children's future in that world.

At such times the stars are really steadying. I walk and watch and realize the universe is unchanging, that the stars presented precisely the same pattern when the early Assyrians wrote of the Pole Star on stone tablets. My Bible (Revised Standard Version) has references in the Book of Job to the Bear (Big Dipper), Orion, and the Pleiades. When I look at the top star, Deneb, in the Northern Cross, I know that the light started toward my eyes some 1,600 years ago. At this point I move out of my little box of self-concern and realize my dependence on God.

Though I've learned to locate most of the constellations, I leave the deep mathematics of astronomy to men in observatories. The sheer beauty of the stars is enough for me. Again and again, I watch joyfully as the scattering of small white pinpricks pierce the darkness when day gives way to night.

Although my interest in star watching is simple and uncluttered, I count joys I had not reckoned on. Star watching is free; it can be done alone, spontaneously. There is always something new to see—a different alignment of stars as seasons change, a planet, a "falling star," or meteor showers that spill out at predictable intervals. Star watching need never end. Even the bedfast person, lying by a window, can watch the procession of the stars across the night sky.

Do I still get tired and bothered? Of course. My problems have not changed that much, but the stars have helped change my outlook. I feel I've never been so aware, so able to keep problems in perspective, so at one with the world since the night I first "helped myself to a star."

—Mary Margaret Kern

Bioethics: The Questions Are Getting Tougher

By BRUCE HILTON
Editor, *Genetic Counseling*

TO HIS NEW JERSEY neighbors, Carl Salamansky must have seemed a very lucky man. A miracle of modern medicine was keeping him alive.

His kidneys had failed, but twice a week he literally plugged his body into an artificial kidney; the blood flowed out of him through a series of tubes and filters and then flowed back in, cleansed of its impurities. Without this process, called *hemodialysis* and invented only a dozen years before, he would have been dead.

But 18 months ago Salamansky placed a classified ad in a metropolitan newspaper. He offered $3,000 to any donor who would sell him a kidney for transplant. If he didn't get one, he said, he would commit suicide by refusing any more treatments.

As it turned out, Carl Salamansky died anyway from complications surrounding the attempted transplant. The kidney came (free)

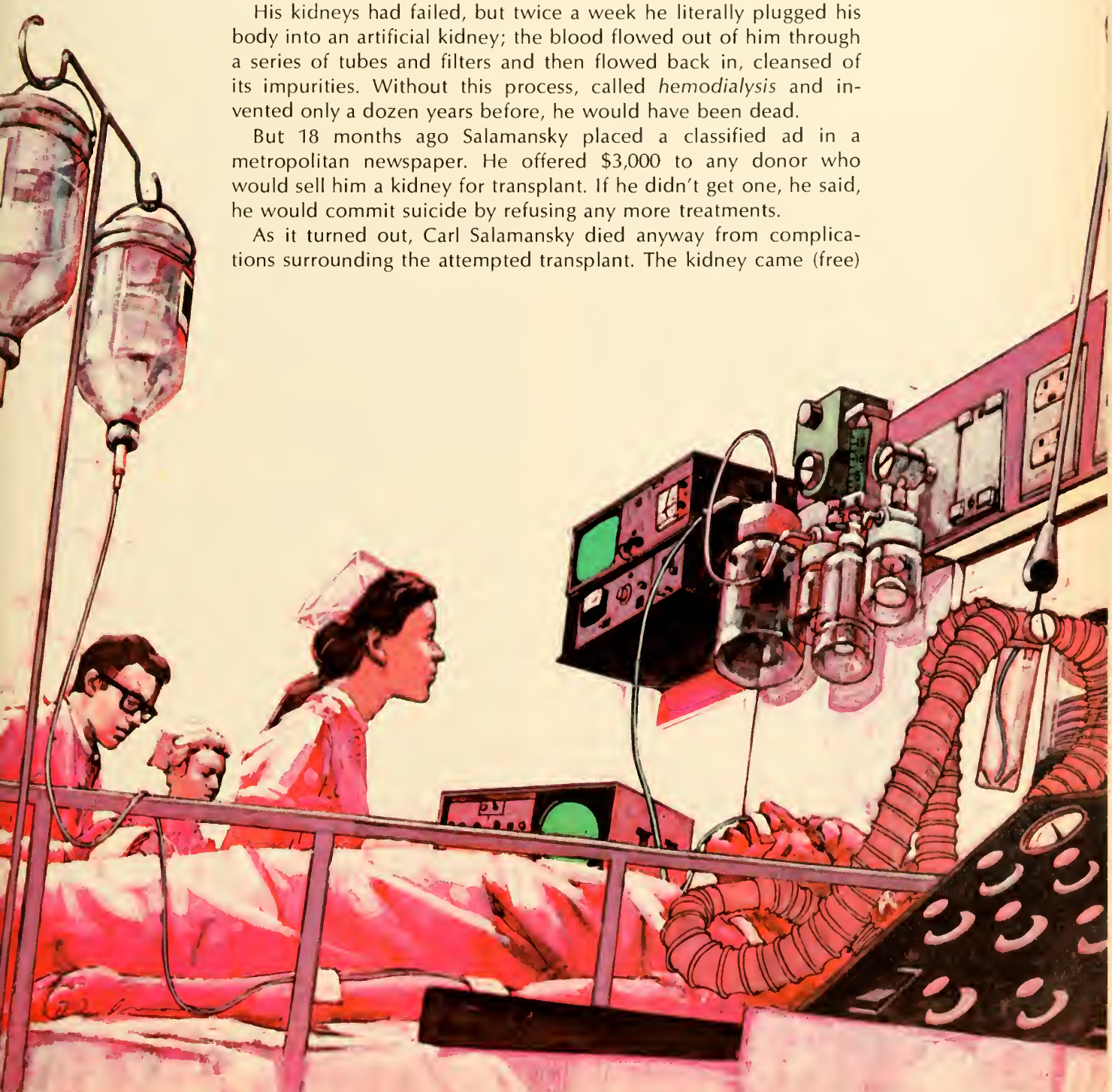


Illustration by Tak Murakami, courtesy *the new physician*

from a child killed in an accident. But the questions raised by his case—and thousands of others like it—still trouble many thoughtful people.

Is it moral to buy or sell a human organ? Which of the 50,000 people dying of kidney failure in the United States should get the few donor kidneys available? And who should *decide* who gets them?

Of those who can't get a transplant, which will have access to a kidney machine (also far too few)? Should ability to pay be a factor? Should the "usefulness" of the patient to society, his age, and family be factors?

Should a patient who finds life "on the machine" unbearable have the right to pull the plug? And if he does, should the physician have a right—or even the duty—to make his death as painless as possible?

There are no pat answers—only shadings of balance between rights and responsibilities. Most of us have had little training in thinking through the philosophical, psychological, legal, and religious issues involved. Furthermore, the lifesaving techniques that make these questions relevant didn't exist 15 years ago.

The unwelcome side effect of our great new advances in medicine is the basis of a new field, *bioethics*—the social, ethical, and legal implications of recent advances in biology and medicine.

The questions of bioethics touch all who are born, have children, or die. They arise from such developments as genetic engineering, the use of drugs for behavior control, and the physician's ability to extend life.

Our faith and our church will play a key role in determining whether we meet such dilemmas with a thoughtful and rational ethical approach or are caught by surprise, reacting in panic and instinct to developments that seem beyond understanding. As part of that preparation, let's look at how new technology, laws, and societal attitudes have spawned these new ethical issues.

Changing Technology

Medicine has changed more in the last 30 years than in the previous two centuries. In doing so, it has moved beyond the social framework set up to deal with the old problems. Our headlights have become too dim for the speed we're driving.

Formerly the physician fought death with every weapon at his disposal. Now he has weapons strong enough to maintain life, or its appearance, beyond the point where some think it's wise.

Pneumonia, "the old man's friend," once provided release for the aged, terminally ill patient. Now we can cure the pneumonia, presenting the physician with a decision he didn't have to make before. To cure the pneumonia prolongs the agony; not to do so goes against all his instincts and training. What does he do when the patient asks to be allowed to die? When the patient is in a coma and can't speak for himself? When he wants to die but the family wants him to struggle on?

These are not decisions the physician and family can evade. Not to decide is to decide. Not to act is to act.

Such questions are raised even more starkly by the heart-lung machine, which can keep the heart pumping and the blood circulating artificially long after the brain has irreversibly ceased to function. The power to extend life brings the terrible burden of deciding *whether* to extend life, and the question of *who* should make such decisions is more difficult to settle than ever.

Physicians of the old school saw such decisions as purely medical and, thus, in their province. But patients are more aware of their rights now, as are many modern physicians; recognition is growing not only that the patient should have the final word in nonmedical decisions, but that there are more such decisions than we had realized. The decision to "pull the plug" is an ethical decision, whether we recognize it as such at the time, whether we think it through or merely act out of instinct and habit.

Another technological advance scares up all sorts of ethical rabbits. It is called *amniocentesis*—the prenatal diagnosis of genetic defects.

Within the last three years physicians have learned to withdraw a small amount of amniotic fluid from the womb of a pregnant mother and, by examining the fetal cells floating in it, diagnose such genetic defects as mongolism and Tay-Sachs disease. (The latter is a rare, fatal disease occurring chiefly in infants among people of eastern European origin.)

This can be done in the fourth month of pregnancy and can reassure a couple, both of whom are carriers of a specific inherited disease, that their baby won't have the defect.

But in those cases where the child *is* affected, parents face an ethical decision because a safe and legal abortion is possible. But even if the couple, the physician, and the hospital all agree that abortion is morally acceptable to prevent the birth of a seriously affected child, how do they decide what genetic defects merit such a measure? For mongolism, the answer may be easy, but what about Huntington's chorea, which offers 35 to 50 years of healthy life before a terrible physical and mental deterioration begins? What about diabetes, or nearsightedness?

Such questions eventually force us to face more basic ones: What is normal? What is defective? What is man?

Changing Laws

The shift in society's attitudes is reflected in its laws, and such shifts can also raise bioethical dilemmas. When abortion for all but the most stringent reasons was illegal, the physician who believed women had a moral right to make their own decisions about terminating a pregnancy faced a serious dilemma.

Now that the Supreme Court has ruled, and abortion is legal in several states, it is the *antiabortion* physician who faces the dilemma.

Laws which make screening for genetic disease mandatory also create ethical ambiguities for modern citizens. It is only in the past four years that it has been possible to learn from a drop of blood whether a person is a carrier of such diseases as sickle-cell anemia—which is "contagious" only in the sense that there is a 25 percent chance of passing it on to one's children.

The fact is that those who have sickle-cell anemia already know it by the time they would be tested (in Massachusetts, the test is given in first grade; in some other states, it's necessary for granting of a marriage license). What mandatory testing does is identify *carriers*—people who are not sick, but who might pass the disease on to their children *if* they marry another carrier.

Experience is showing that such carriers are subject

to stress and tension by finding out about their relatively harmless condition after it's too late to do anything about it. They are not going to change their minds at the license-bureau window. Information which might have been welcome and helpful at, say, the high-school level and on a voluntary basis, is instead a source of tension in a marriage before it gets started.

Several states are now in the process of repealing or modifying their laws to make the testing voluntary. But meanwhile, citizens are caught in a dilemma created by new technology and new laws.

Death is another issue the states are trying to resolve by legislation. Most states don't have a legal definition of death; those which do usually use the cessation of heart and circulation as the basis. But when these can be maintained artificially—and indefinitely—the questions begin.

What if the family asks that the respirator be kept going for one extra day so that Uncle Joe can arrive from California before Father "dies"? What if there is a trust fund due and if the patient "lives" beyond the end of the month, the money goes to a different relative?

An eminent committee of physicians at Harvard University has worked out a new set of criteria for determining when a patient has died; it hinges on irreversible brain death. Kansas has passed a law defining death in such terms, and similar legislation has been proposed in other states.

But the basic questions are not medical but ethical: What is life? What is death? What is present in a human being that is not present in a corpse?

Unless there is broad and careful public discussion of such questions, we may find ourselves with bad laws and unethical application of the new life-extending technologies. And we will find ourselves unable to deal with the dilemmas when a loved one is involved.

Still another law, recently enacted, highlights the ethical issues surrounding hemodialysis (treatment on the kidney machine) by providing such care at federal expense for all who need it. The legislation, which Congress passed without much discussion, commits the federal government to spending perhaps a billion dollars a year, and it opens the way for discussion of why all catastrophic illnesses aren't funded this way.

Or to put it another way: Why should only those who can afford it have the gift of life when stricken by treatable diseases? (A group of people suffering from hemophilia—uncontrollable bleeding from the slightest injury—are suing the U.S. government for full treatment, which costs as much as $20,000 a year. Uncle Sam provides care for drug addicts, they say.)

Meanwhile, people in many communities are collecting money door to door or dropping dimes into cans at the grocery check-out counter to help some local victim who has been bankrupted by catastrophic illness.

The way we care for one another is an ethical as well as an economic question. The ability to treat many more diseases than we used to just makes it more difficult to justify leaving some people out of the health-care system.

Changes in Society

Medicine, by its very success, is making problems for society. The population explosion is a clear example.

The rapid growth in the earth's population is not a result of faster breeding; the rate hasn't changed much. The cause is *medicine's ability to preserve and extend life*. People die later, so they're around longer.

Would we have had it otherwise? And if so, whose grandfather would have to die?

Cutting off the medicine is out of the question, even if we could agree on whose to cut off; it's too much like Malthus's proposal that war be used to keep the population down. But offering cash or food incentives to get people to stop procreating is also an ethically questionable answer; it puts an extra burden on the poor, whose ability to decide is more limited because their need for the cash or food is greater.

Allowing a specific number of children to be born to each family threatens minority groups who point out that their high infant-mortality rate means that they will end up with dwindling numbers—and influence. Any other proposal, from a negative income tax to putting a contraceptive agent in the water supply, seems to violate some commonly accepted right or to discriminate against one group or another.

The important thing is to see that decisions are made thoughtfully, through the proper public-policy machinery, by the widest possible informed public. The intricacy of such decisions, and the background knowledge required to discuss them, usually result in a small, professional elite making the final choice. The tenets of democracy and the Christian concern for every individual require that we fight to avoid such a procedure.

Medicine's successes may also have a negative effect on the *quality* of future children. By keeping the hereditarily ill alive beyond the reproductive age, we increase the incidence of lethal genes in the human population. In recent years we have seen sizable increases in the numbers of victims of such diseases as diabetes.

Some scientists warn that we will become a race of weaklings, each bearing the weight of six or eight serious genetic diseases. They propose that people with certain diseases be "weeded out," or at least be forbidden to bear children. They would require prenatal screening for all pregnancies and mandatory abortion for defective fetuses.

But prenatal screening wouldn't catch all the defects; it has been suggested that babies born defective should also be killed. Dr. James Watson, Nobel Prize winner for discovering the shape of DNA, recently proposed that the legal birth date be postponed three days after actual birth so that such infanticide could be practiced.

The ethical problems here are obvious. In the first place, a clear danger to human rights and human life is being proposed to solve a very vague and *possible* future danger. We do not know enough about genetics to be sure of the outcome of such a policy. And the difference between aborting a fetus and killing a day-old child, while clear to some, is still arguable for others.

One thing is clear: Changes already are being publicly proposed, and the first steps toward public policy are being taken. The wrong policy, arrived at in haste by an elitist group, could affect our freedom, our family structure, and the very way we look at mankind.

In this issue, like the others discussed here, Christians should be studying and discussing—in church and out—the application of Christian principles. Faced suddenly with the power to "play God," we must be responsible stewards of its use. □

Dos Mundos Schools:

Bridging Language and Culture

Text by Helen Johnson / Pictures by Jim Matson

YOU ARE A CHILD again, sitting in an elementary schoolroom. The teacher is speaking and you strain to listen. But her words race on in an incomprehensible babble. You can't understand what she's saying because your family speaks Spanish and she speaks English.

Or imagine that you do understand English, but you come out of a black culture that is very different from the white Anglo culture reflected in your classroom. You hear and understand, but it all fails to take on any real meaning for you.

The first language spoken by 5 million American school-age children was something other than English. For 4 million of them it was Spanish. The United States Office of Education says that 89 percent of our Mexican-American students will never finish high school. And more black students than white drop out of high school before graduation.

Bilingual education programs to help children leap over the language barrier are springing up all over the country. Some 112,000 children are enrolled in them now, and the potential enrollment for still more programs is in the millions. Supporters see the bilingual approach as giving children a chance for success in school and a better life when they get out. Its critics say it's merely bureaucratic waste, providing jobs for teachers who speak ethnic languages but actually perpetuating ethnic barriers instead of breaking them down.

In Corpus Christi, Texas, where there is a large Spanish-speaking population, United Methodists have joined with Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and members of the Christian Church on the side of bilingual education. Through the Coastal Bend Christian Service Association, incorporated by these churches in 1968, they are responsible for Dos Mundos Schools. These schools—their Spanish name means "two worlds"—are providing bilingual preschool education and a firm early-grade foundation to children from three years old to nine. They also offer remedial tutoring for children who are having trouble in public school. And, as the only alternative education program in South Texas, they operate as a pilot-model for public and parochial systems that are too overburdened to do innovative experimentation themselves.

Dos Mundos staff members, headed by James Larick, who has years of experience in bilingual early-childhood education, have solid training in methods and techniques involved in the most advanced, soundly based teaching and learning concepts. They share their experience through teacher-training and consultant services.

Dos Mundos preschool classes are held in two of Corpus Christi's United Methodist churches—Oak Park and Wesley. A brown building behind the Woodlawn Presbyterian Church houses the Dos Mundos office and primary classes.

The schools' 125 pupils come from Mexican-American, black, and Anglo homes. This tri-cultural, bilingual mix offers them constant opportunities to enjoy the particulars of the cultures represented along with chances to appreciate life-styles that aren't their own. This has brought advantaged children as well as disadvantaged ones to the schools.

There is great stress on communication. Children are allowed to master their own and a second language at their own speed. The goal is to make them capable in both languages, but they are never pressured. The educational experience at Dos Mundos is tailored to fit each child. Never is a child required to fit the system. Each pupil is worked with individually at the pupil's own level.

In the classrooms, space and traffic patterns invite pupils into cooperative activities and the communication that these entail. Activities are designed so the child will have something to talk about. Processes are designed to say to the child: You are capable of learning on your own.

Instead of being at the center of the stage and regarded as the fount of all knowledge, teachers act as

Fair, brown, and black-skinned children (above) at Dos Mundos come from homes representing widely varied interests and incomes. The help which pupils receive (below) may prevent their having to repeat a grade which is expensive to a school system and damaging to a child's ego.

Parents make outings and field trips possible for Dos Mundos pupils, and with their cooperation everybody has fun. Dos Mundos makes every effort to let parents of its pupils feel their partnership in determining their children's education progress.

diagnosticians, guides, and prescribers. At Dos Mundos a child can't simply sit still and soak up learning like a sponge as it is delivered. Pupils have to work at learning, and because they do, it sticks with them.

Storytelling helps develop short-term and long-term memory skills, and those skills in turn lead to the kind of audio discrimination you have to have if you're going to hear the differences in the sound systems of two languages.

A science study group may move outside to see an insect or an animal in its natural setting. Field trips take the pupils to museums and libraries, and in one case there was a trip to a family-owned business operated by one child's parents.

Tree climbing becomes an educational tool and a community effort. Games develop motor skills. There is time and opportunity for creative expression.

Throughout the school year, different cultural heritages represented by the pupils are studied, and in this way the children learn that people have the same basic needs and concerns—that man is equally human whether he uses a wooden plow or a steel one; that one culture may be different from another, but it is not inferior.

As the children get involved in the learning process, they discover many of the principles that lead to problem solving; and as they learn together, they're getting training in how to work positively with others throughout their lives.

The teachers at Dos Mundos are completely aware that the nature and quality of early childhood experiences in the home make the difference in a child's success in school.

Parents who have a sense of what challenges and shapes youngsters' curiosity can help motivate their children to learn. If they encourage and reinforce initiative with parental praise, their children will develop positive concepts of themselves. If they extend and expand on what their youngsters say, the children's language and concepts are enriched. If they show that they value books, their children will be encouraged to enter the world of reading.

But lots of children don't have this kind of home environment and family relationship. Parents of large families can't have as much time to give individual attention and help to each child. When parents confine conversations with their children to issuing orders, the

Learning to listen helps promote reflectivity, and it's a great way to increase attention span. Stories strengthen these skills, and the children like being read to so much that some of them will even take time from their outdoor play periods to listen to somebody read a story.

relationship between them is narrowed, and so are the children's horizons. And in some Mexican-American homes the Spanish that is spoken is so simplistic that it's almost impossible to frame high-order intellectual concepts in it.

If such educational deficits aren't made up for before a child enters school, it's difficult and expensive to remedy them later. It costs approximately twice as much, for instance, to maintain a child in a remedial classroom, and even more important is the frustration and failure the child feels as a result of being in such special classes. Out of school, an unskilled or low-skilled job seeker is finding it increasingly hard to find new opportunities, and it's going to get steadily harder to do this in the future as technological developments swallow up more and more lower-level jobs.

Dos Mundos is helping make up for what the families of some of its children haven't been able to supply. Its real strength, though, lies in the day-to-day loving relationship evident in the acts of the school administration and in the attitudes of the teaching staff as they shape growth by promoting the attainment of basic skills, respect the individual potential of the young, guide the early efforts of the uncertain learner, share the joys of discovery, provide understanding when anxieties arise, listen when things go wrong, and comfort when there is distress.

It's this kind of love that the churches had in mind when United Methodism's Corpus Christi District Board of Missions and the other three church groups set up the corporation that makes Dos Mundos possible. Their contributions cover about 53 percent of the schools' annual budget. Since tuition is modest and based on parents' ability to pay, it represents only another 10 percent of the schools' needs. For the rest of its funding, Dos Mundos must rely on contributions from foundations and individuals.

So far, the schools have been able to keep on with their work of celebrating diversity and building bridges of love and understanding between children of two languages and three cultures. □

Getting Out of the

Yes-Trap

By Robin Worthington

RUTH ANDERSON sat in her kitchen chewing on a red pencil and scowling at her appointment calendar. Like a flurry of impulsive credit-card purchases coming home to roost, all the times Ruth had said yes these last weeks were now clamoring for payment. This week: Introduce ecology speaker at church meeting; beg from door to door for heart fund; shepherd a gaggle of Girl Scouts through the natural-science museum; bake two dozen cakes for hungry Cubs; call 20 unknowns to remind them of Candidates' Night next Wednesday.

"Baseball car pool this afternoon. Those squirmy little boys. Do you think I dare feed the family TV dinners again tonight?" She spoke aloud to her only listeners—two goldfish gliding past each other in the bubbling aquarium. The fish tank reverberated as the front door slammed to announce the arrival of nine-year-old Tim. "Mom, we still don't have a room mother for our class, and Miss Emerson says we can't take any field trips unless we have one. You'll be it, won't you?"

"Let me think about it, Tim. Okay?" Ruth sighed.

Most women know the feeling behind that sigh. We want to serve, soothe, smooth, give our time and ourselves. Yet when we say yes to everyone, we feel rushed, emotionally splintered, gloomily certain that our families and friends are suffering from holes in their heels and neglect pains. On the other hand, when we refuse the groups that ask our time, whether church affiliated or otherwise, we feel guilty. Somehow "they" make us feel we're not doing our share.

The problem gets graver when our growing children's hyperactivities send us spinning into the orbit of youth groups, Sunday school, Scouts, 4-H, and sports. With five children to lure me into involvement, I got so I put my hands over my ears when the phone rang. Overcommitted and overcommitteed, I'd become what sociologist Andrew Greeley calls "a free-floating mass of obligations."

Surely there was a way out of this tangle. I looked around me at active Christian women who seemed to glide through their days with a serenity I could only envy. What were their secrets?

One of them, Elaine, is a mother of three who finds time to tutor Spanish-speaking adults in our local English literacy program. She explained to me, "A woman must work out her own personal priorities, regardless of what other women are doing.

"I used to be like the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Racing from one meeting to the next. Always one eye on the clock. Den mother, room mother, League of Women Voters study chairman. If someone even looked at me, I said yes."

Elaine continued her tale. One day at the supermarket she was startled by a touch on her arm. It was her friend Clare. Her face was gray, and dark circles ringed her eyes. "How've you been, Clare?" Elaine asked, wondering how her friend could have turned into this sorrowful specimen.

"I guess you haven't heard," Clare said. "Jim and I have separated."

"I'm so sorry. I didn't know."

"Remember that day I stopped by last month?" Clare asked. "I kind of wanted to talk to you about it then. But you were on your way to a meeting, and I didn't

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want to hold you up. Oh, well, it doesn't matter now."

Elaine told me that her stomach still turns over when she recalls that moment. "I had to ask myself, What good are all those meetings if I don't have time to listen to people? What does Christ want of me—committees or compassion?

"I took stock after that and cut down my activities to the few that have really personal meaning, like my tutoring. I trained myself to say no, firmly and politely, without feeling guilty. Oh, I had a few twinges at first, but they passed after a little practice. I don't go rushing past people's problems anymore, and I'm at peace."

Peace. That lovely word. Kay, a volunteer high-school career counselor, mentioned it, too. "I'd actually worked myself up to three meetings a day," she said, "before I realized that if you're going to experience Christ's peace—peace that passes understanding—sometimes you have to give up a few activities to make room for it."

I talked to many women who had successfully climbed out of the yes-trap. They all emphasized that saying no is a positive action. "That's how your yeses have meaning," as one of them said.

How can you achieve total commitment but selective volunteering? Here are some suggestions:

Use your special gifts wisely and overlook others' expectations. Too often we make the false assumption that, as Christians, we "ought" to do everything we're asked to do.

Perhaps we should look again at Paul's advice to the Corinthians. "There is a variety of gifts but always the same Spirit; there are all sorts of service to be done, but always to the same Lord; working in all sorts of different ways in different people, it is the same God who is working in all of them." (I Corinthians 12:4-6, The Jerusalem Bible.)

Fran's family, for instance, kids her about being a clubwoman. "Sure, they tease me about my white gloves," she agrees. "But they also admit the reason we have a beautiful, green central park in this city is that our members proposed the idea and rang doorbells to get the bond issue passed. It takes group action to do something like that."

On the other hand, Liz is an independent spirit who shudders at groups of more than three people. "If it's got a chairman and minutes, count me out." She usually wears a sweat shirt, plaid slacks, and a smile that suggests something good is about to happen. Liz doesn't talk about it much, but she regularly drives cancer patients to a treatment center in a nearby city. She's also on call to pick up groceries and prescriptions for her housebound neighbors.

"We didn't have a car when I was a child," she explains. "I'm just passing on what other people did for us. In fact, we've given the Lord our car. Not much of a gift," she laughs. "It's ten years old. But it gets his work done."

Never feel guilty about refusing elsewhere if you're contributing somewhere. If you take on a job because you'll "feel guilty if you don't," most likely you'll feel resentful if you do.

"It took me a while to realize I wasn't necessarily a better person because I said yes all the time," a young mother told me. "Actually, what I was doing was passing the buck, letting other people decide what my life was about. I didn't have the backbone to make my own decisions."

"Time is the coin of your life," said Carl Sandburg. "It is the only coin you have, and only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let other people spend it for you."

If others are doing "more" than you are, let them. Like yourself for what you do. Don't dislike yourself for what others do.

Pray your way into your commitments. Then you'll have fewer you want to back out of. Not every good cause has your name on it. Not every request is a request from God.

At a meeting called to set up a community food bank, my friend Jennifer had to leave early to pick up her kindergartner. As she buttoned her coat, she said, "Sure, sign me up to help. What's more basic than food?"

She headed out the door, then suddenly reappeared. "Hey, I forgot to ask the Lord if he wants me to take this on. I'll call you back." Evidently, he did, because she did. I'd always been impressed with Jennifer's total presence in any job she took on. Now I know how she achieves it. She knows where she's supposed to be, so she's totally there.

Accept the hard fact that your choices will not always be understood by others. "I dropped out of one women's group because all we did was put on a spring fashion show and a fall fashion show," a friend told me. "I decided to put my home-ec training to use, so I volunteered to help with a consumer-education course for women from low-income families. Home canning, setting up shopping car pools, where to buy day-old bread, how to complain if you're cheated—all that and a lot more. It's been the most satisfying work I've ever done. Yet every time I see someone from the old group, I feel I ought to go up and explain myself."

Whatever we do (or don't do), we're bound to be misunderstood by someone.

Don't hesitate or you'll become chairman. When in doubt over accepting a job, remember that the illusion there'll be more time tomorrow is just that—an illusion.

It's easier than you may think to say no. A warm-up preamble softens the blow. "Thank you for thinking of me," does nicely, I've found. Then you need only say, "I'm sorry, but I'm deeply involved in the Sunday-school program (or whatever your top priority work is), and that's the only major commitment I can make if I want to do it well." (Incidentally, a new baby is definitely a major commitment.)

As for the smaller one-shot requests, you know your limits best. Is it one of those "it really isn't much work" enticements from a friend, where you will end up staging a gigantic open house in the school multipurpose room? Or is it simply a matter of working a couple of hours in the church kitchen for the teen-agers' spaghetti feed? Sniff out what's really involved and answer accordingly. Yea or nay, the choice is yours.

Making choices is one of the ways we become truly ourselves, the selves that God intends. As the eminent Swiss psychiatrist Theodor Bovet puts it in *Have Time and Be Free:* "It is not so important to do as much good as possible as to do what God requires of me." □

DOUG SMITH: *Drug Addict Becomes Delinquents' Advocate*

HE DROPPED OUT of college because he had no goals for his life. A series of jobs followed, and headaches—headaches so severe that he began taking drugs. The drugs were prescribed, but he went to several doctors simultaneously so the dosages were much higher than any one physician would have prescribed. His drug usage grew until he was addicted. Then he took an overdose, forcing his wife to commit him to a state mental hospital. That could have been the end of the road for Doug Smith. Instead, his experiences paved the way to a renewed interest in education and a career working with young people in trouble.

In February, 1972, an experimental program was created to offer probation-officer internships to 20 students at McPherson College in Kansas. Doug was the first to sign up. Since then he has worked full time two summers and part time during the school year, reviewing the cases of juvenile offenders, preparing for court hearings, and working with parolees and their families.

"Doug was assigned some of the most difficult cases," says Lloyd Zook, director of McPherson County's court services. "He has learned to assess a person's need and to design a plan of action—a treatment prescription—in an excellent manner."

As an intern (he completed that work last January), Doug carried a case load of 40, developed a program for people picked up on bad-check charges, and frequently spoke to school and civic groups. He also was youth coordinator for McPherson's First United Methodist Church, an active member of the local drug-abuse council, and weekend dispatcher and jailer at the county sheriff's office. He received his bachelor's degree in sociology and psychology from McPherson in May, then headed for probation work. He is now chief juvenile probation officer in Salina, Kans., and "just loves it," his wife reports.

"I don't have headaches anymore for the same reason I no longer take drugs," Doug says. "I've found what I'm good at and what is satisfying to me—working with young people. They're open, not as inhibited as others. If you're honest with them, they usually will return that honesty."

Behind Doug through all his troubles has been his wife, June. "When Doug was on drugs or in the hospital, I used to ask, Why is this happening? Now I firmly believe that God can take the worst situations and make something good from them," she says. Three good things already have happened to Doug and June—Liz Ann, Cindy, and Missy, their three daughters. ❐

CAROLINE ANDERSON:
Her Donors Day Bears Repeating

ON A SINGLE DAY last October, 2,987 people from 22 churches and a college in Downers Grove, Ill., pledged their willingness to donate organs for transplants. Many had never even considered the idea previously. Now it seems likely that a community-wide Donors Day will become an annual Downers Grove event. It also is being considered in other communities.

Behind this unique day designed to give gifts of life and sight is Caroline Anderson, who feels that the idea for it all was "God's direction in my life."

"Being hospitalized many times with a kidney disease, it disturbed me to see children, young people, and adults being kept alive by an artificial kidney machine," said Mrs. Anderson. "Their only hope for life was to have a transplant. Doctors lamented the fact that there are never enough donors. My minister, the Rev. Farrell D. Jenkins, once said in a sermon that if you see a need, you should pray and meditate, then act upon it; if all doors are open, it is God directing you. This is how I felt about the Donors Day idea—I knew it would be successful."

Mrs. Anderson explained her idea to her pastor, then with a friend went to visit Downers Grove's mayor and, finally, the local ministerial association. Everyone's response was enthusiastic. For five months the community was alerted to the event. "Most people, regardless of their concern, could not make the gift-of-life decision until their ministers or priests had shown through sermons or study groups that this was an act of true Christian love and social concern," Mrs. Anderson observed. She feels that Donors Day would not have succeeded if pledge cards had just been handed out door to door.

Caroline and Bill Anderson, daughter Chris, and young son Kurt attend First United Methodist in Downers Grove. Caroline serves on the administrative board and the evangelism committee. □

THE FARR FAMILY: *They Sing God's Love*

THINGS WEREN'T always harmonious at the Farr household in Middleton, Pa. Nicholas Farr, a former jazz musician and onetime bingo operator, almost lost his marriage and family in his early search for material success. Instead of wealth, Nick and his family found Christ—and he is the message of the concerts they present frequently now.

The family began performing in 1967 and sang their first religious concert in 1969 at a United Methodist church in Palmyra, Pa. It wasn't until a year later, however, that they had a "personal encounter with Christ." It happened at a church camp in the Ozarks. They hadn't wanted to go there in the first place, and they tried to hurry through the program. But the young campers kept the Farrs singing for two hours.

"That day we experienced the love and religion that we had been singing about in so many concerts," Nicholas Farr explains. "We also realized that God meant us to share our talents with the smaller groups and the church-oriented persons . . . Since then we've never refused to go to a church, regardless of its denomination and size."

The Farrs, active in the Church of the Brethren, have sung in nearly every state in the U.S. and in Canada. Joyce, the mother, is soprano soloist. Eldest son, Eric, sings lead tenor. He also is a composer and arranger and accompanies the group on his vibraharp. Kurt plays bass and trombone. Daughter Joy plays harp and sings alto. Nick II sings and plays the piano, but his specialty is drum. Mark and Joel, the youngest, both sing and play the piano. Nick plays the piano and relates the music to the concert theme—"A Celebration of Love." □

You Asked...

I understand that as of January, 1974, Together **will be replaced by a new magazine. What will the new magazine be called and what will it be like?**

The new magazine, replacing the 17-year-old Together, *will be called* United Methodists Today. *It will have a fresh focus upon people and current happenings. Its contents will contain sharp, dramatic display of stories and stimulating coverage on the faith of United Methodists in general.* Today *will have 64 pages of 5½-by-8½-inch dimensions, similar in size to* Reader's Digest *or* TV Guide. *The charter subscription rate will be $3.96 a year.*
—Your Editors

●

How do you know a man's love will last? I am 21; he is 22. We've been going together for four months and are thinking about marriage. He says he loves me and seems sincere. I worry a lot about whether he loves me as much as he says.

I suppose most young women worry about whether love will last. To love means to risk getting hurt. You take the risk in faith that the lover is worthy of your trust. Of course, love is more than affection. It is an act of the committed will. So you need to ask not only whether he is affectionate toward you, you need to know whether he is a person of character. Does he have the maturity, stability, and moral fiber to make a big promise and keep it for a lifetime? You come to sense this as you get to know him and his family in depth, listen to the counsel of your own family and friends, and pray a lot. —Dale White

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Why are the dates for Easter variable? Wouldn't it be better to have a permanent date like Christmas? To observe Easter on different dates each year seems to support the idea of a secular observance.

Unlike other holy days, Easter is central to the whole Christian year, and particularly to Lent, Holy Week, and Pentecost. Based upon the spring equinox, Easter is the first Sunday after the full moon. If the full moon occurs on a Sunday, Easter is the following Sunday. The day, therefore, may fall between March 22 and April 25 inclusive.

But the observance of Jesus' Resurrection day has varied. Romans of the first century celebrated the day on the 14th day of the moon without regard to Sunday. Others observed the day on the first Sunday after the Jewish Passover. Debate concerning the date continued for many years. Western Christians now use the same dating system, but a different method of calculation in Eastern Orthodox churches results in Orthodox Easter sometimes falling on the same date and sometimes one, four, or five weeks later. —Your Editors

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I have a terrible time with myself. I get very self-destructive when things go bad. I am really so sinful, dirty, and hopeless that my conscious mind can't stand it. It boils down to the fact that I am sinful and Jesus hasn't or won't forgive me.

Somehow you have picked up a really miserable self-image. How you got it, I don't know. Some studies show that low self-esteem is like an ailment which we catch from our parents. I am sure that this deep sore and self-hatred is just so much dead weight. You don't need it. Get rid of it! Are you not a child of God? In my experience, professional counseling and positive prayer are the best means for re-creating a limping self-image. —Dale White

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Some time ago Together **mentioned a lawsuit involving a United Methodist agency and a sergeant of the National Guard in the Kent State University turmoil. Has it been resolved?**

The suit—$3 million against the Board of Church and Society—was filed by a member of the Ohio National Guard. He charged the board with "malicious libel" resulting from a report circulated by the board which claimed that the guardsman deliberately fired his gun, setting off the shooting by other guardsmen which resulted in the deaths of four Kent State students in May, 1970. The case has not yet been settled by the courts. —Your Editors

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Have you a question about the Christian faith, the church, a social issue, a personal or family problem? Perhaps *You Asked . . .* can provide an answer from our regular contributors, Bishop James S. Thomas or Dr. Dale White, or from some other church leader. Send questions to *You Asked*, c/o *Together*, 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. *—Your Editors*

Are You Good Enough for Heaven?

By Raymond W. Gibson, Jr.
Pastor, Trinity United Methodist Church
Covington, Kentucky

"For I tell you, unless your righteousness exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." —Matthew 5:20

MALDWYN L. EDWARDS, the renowned English preacher, tells of the time he returned to one of his former parishes for a centennial celebration. No sooner had he appeared than he was cornered by a woman who proceeded to bring him up to date on her family. "And of course you know about my dear husband, Albert," she gushed. "Since you left, Reverend, Albert has died and gone to heaven!"

Dr. Edwards says that he vaguely remembered Albert as a Christmas-and-Easter Christian whose personal moral life left much to be desired. Struggling to make conversation, he responded, "Oh! So Albert died and went to heaven? Well, I must say I'm sorry."

Somehow that response did not seem well received, so Dr. Edwards tried again. "What I meant to say was, I'm glad!"

The expression on the widow's face revealed that the amendment had done little to help the original statement, so Dr. Edwards made one last, heroic attempt. "What I *really* meant to say was, I'm surprised!"

Sorrow. Gladness. Surprise. Three diverse emotions all triggered by a single statement. Surely, the text from Matthew's Gospel and the three preceding verses from the Sermon on the Mount easily arouse our emotions to a point paralleling those Dr. Edwards felt in his conversation with Albert's widow.

The first reaction many people have when they hear these words of Jesus is sorrow. They become sorrowful because Jesus plainly states (as Today's English Version puts it) that he has not ". . . come to do away with the Law of Moses and the teaching of the prophets . . . but to give them real meaning" (Matthew 5:17). Our sorrow begins when it becomes apparent that there is nothing easy or cheap about real Christianity. Those searching for bargain-basement faith and discount-house religion are always saddened.

We're tempted to feel gladness, however, when we hear Jesus say that ". . . whoever obeys the Law, and teaches others to do the same, will be great in the Kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 5:19, TEV). That sounds like a religion of keeping rules, and it would make being a Christian mechanically simple. Don't drink, don't smoke, don't steal, don't murder, don't commit adultery. Be sure to attend church, read the Bible, and behave respectably in the community.

"I really can't do all of that," people say happily. "But someday, after I've had my fling, I'll settle down and become a Christian and start obeying the rules so I can go to heaven!"

But Jesus is far more demanding. He tells us in our text that "unless your righteousness exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven."

The scribes and Pharisees were the most respected theologians of their time, highly devout and pious people. Yet Jesus tells us that unless our righteousness exceeds theirs, we shall never enter the kingdom of heaven. It is a surprising statement, and it seems a bit unfair and uncharacteristic of Jesus, almost too much for him to ask of us.

But it isn't really, not if we understand what Jesus meant by righteousness. The scribes were lawyers, the interpreters of the law. They were the Perry Masons and Owen Marshalls of the first century. For them righteousness meant the correct understanding of the Law of God.

The Pharisees were the practitioners of the Law. Pharisees means "separated ones," and they voluntarily separated themselves from the rest of humanity so that they might live the letter of the Law. They would not even talk to Gentiles. Their righteousness had a Lysol air about it, kind of antiseptic and ingrown. In spite of all their efforts to remain pure, however, their righteousness was polluted because it was self-righteousness.

That kind of self-righteousness is still with us today. It shows up in suburban churches that want to pretend that the problems of the inner city have nothing to do with them. It is seen in the citizens who believe that the rape of Appalachia is none of their business. It flourishes wherever Christians try to pretend that poverty does not exist in the United States and that the sickness of racism eventually will heal itself.

Centuries ago Jesus gave to mankind four great ideas which, if accepted, would produce a new world. The first is that God loves every human being so much that we can trust him in both life and death. Secondly,

Jesus revealed that all human beings regardless of the color of their skins and the shape of their eyes are children of God. Third, he taught that since all human beings are God's children, each one of us ought to treat others as brothers. Finally, Jesus taught that a man's worth cannot be measured by his bank account, his stock portfolio, or his position, but by the service he renders to his fellowmen.

Had these ideas been fully accepted by men, they would have brought an end to war, poverty, and racism in our world. The continuing existence of these problems is a reminder that our righteousness does not exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees.

Still another weakness of these two groups was the emphasis they placed upon the negatives. It was a religion of "Thou shalt not" more than a religion of "Thou shalt."

Jesus was impatient with such narrow-mindedness. Once he told them sternly: "But woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because you shut the kingdom of heaven against men; for you neither enter yourselves, nor allow those who would enter to go in. Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you traverse sea and land to make a single proselyte, and when he becomes a proselyte, you make him twice as much a child of hell as yourselves." (Matthew 23:13, 15.)

Christians must not forget that ours is a religion of grace with forgiveness as its very cornerstone. Without the forgiveness of God as revealed on the cross, we would all be lost.

Eugene L. Smith, in his book *Mandate for Mission,* relates a story which perfectly illustrates the broader righteousness which we as individuals and as a church must seek.

A banker and prominent churchman in a small midwestern town was imprisoned for embezzlement. Some church members wanted the family taken off the church rolls, and they expressed this at a board meeting. Someone reminded the board that the wife and children had done no wrong, and besides such action would require an unpleasant church trial. Then another person stood and read Jesus' parable from the 18th chapter of Matthew in which our Lord told of one who was forgiven of a large debt by his master but who in turn refused to forgive another of a smaller debt. There was a long silence.

When the discussion began again, it was different. A plan was developed by which the member in prison would receive a letter of encouragement from a member of the board and a personal visit from another member each week. The day the banker was released from prison he was met at the gate by all of the officials of the church. They drove back to the church together and in the sanctuary all received the sacrament of Holy Communion, the service which celebrates God's forgiveness of sins in Christ Jesus.

The people of that church discovered what it means to exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees.

The religion of the scribes and Pharisees was a safe, no-risk religion with no grand dreams and no towering vision. They represented the establishment of their day, the pillars of the community. Jesus represented change and challenge to the status quo, and that was why he was such a powerful threat to their existence.

The church of Jesus Christ was never meant to be a slow-moving, shell-bound creature, frightened by its own imagination and ashamed of its Lord. Neither can Christians who aspire to attain the kingdom of heaven afford to be timid souls who play it safe and easy. They must be men and women willing to risk everything for Jesus.

Are you good enough for heaven? Most of us would have to answer with a somewhat anxious no. A young woman once startled me by saying, "Ray, I am sure that if I were to die tonight, I would not go to heaven. I have too many faults. I don't love my fellow human beings enough."

She spoke for the majority of us if we think of heaven as some faraway place in the sweet by-and-by. But if we understand the kingdom of heaven as Jesus taught it —the reign of God in the lives of men—then this young woman, a radiant Christian, is in heaven already. Simply put, the kingdom of God is the saving knowledge that God loves us even though we are often unlovely, the awareness that God forgives us even when we cannot forgive ourselves, the assurance that God accepts us when we cannot accept ourselves.

The scribes and Pharisees never understood this—just as many do not understand it today. Once they approached Jesus and asked him when the kingdom of God was coming. His reply surely must have dumbfounded them: "The kingdom of God is not coming with signs to be observed; nor will they say, 'Lo, here it is!' or 'There!' for behold, the kingdom of God is in the midst of you." (Luke 17:20-21.)

The kingdom of heaven is here and now—in your church, in your home or your office, wherever you are if you have surrendered all that you know of yourself to all that you know of Jesus. Whenever we submit all of our sin and all of our doubt and all of our pride to Christ, the reign of God begins in our lives. Paul explained the geography of heaven perfectly when he told his Roman readers: "For the kingdom of God does not mean food and drink but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." (Romans 14:17.)

Are you good enough for heaven? Of course not. None of us is. Does our righteousness exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees? Probably not. They lived up to the letter of the Law far better than most of us can hope to. They were renowned for their righteousness. Yet Jesus made it plain that they still were not good enough for the Kingdom. No one is. And that is precisely the point that Jesus sought to make: It is impossible to be good enough on our own to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Who, then, can hope to be good enough for heaven? This was the question the disciples asked.

The answer is still the same: "With men it is impossible, but not with God; for all things are possible with God" (Mark 10:27). We are saved by the gift of God's mercy, not by the merits of our own righteousness.

Christianity is founded upon the gospel, not the Law. We are saved by grace through faith, not by works through law. We are made good enough for heaven by what Jesus did, not by what we do. If we believe the gospel and accept Christ as Lord, we are already in the kingdom of heaven—and that is the only way we can get there. □

Say It!

Our editors may or may not agree with opinions expressed, but they believe in your right to Say It! *And that is what this department is for.*
Does an idea of yours need saying? Send it to Say It! *1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068*

Movies and TV have long been criticized for the violence and sex which their stories portray. Much of that criticism is deserved. However, I wonder if we are not overlooking a more damaging area of programming, one which subtly affects our children's morals and our own as well.

I'm thinking of programs such as TV's *Search* and *Mission: Impossible*. Such programs show the heros and heroines pursuing good goals by employing any means—legal or illegal, moral or immoral. The plot implies that good ends cannot always be achieved by legal and moral means. The old adage, "You must fight fire with fire," becomes a central theme.

We hear the same basic argument used in our political and business life. I believe it is our duty as Christians to remind the world that God's will (the good end) can only be achieved by obeying God's commandments and living the life of Christ.

Mrs. Sandra M. Kandler
Bradenton, Fla.

Some church leaders have supported boycotts of grapes, lettuce, and other farm products. The boycotts are intended to prevent customers from buying products which do not carry the label of the United Farm Workers union. This is the union headed by Cesar Chavez. Supporters of the boycotts claim they are necessary to get social justice for the workers involved. But a careful look at the facts indicates that there is little real justice in any boycott.

The right to organize and join unions is unquestioned. But with it there is another and equal right—the right not to join. This is the right which is being trampled upon by all who support the boycotts.

There is another grave injustice. Economic boycotts hurt everyone who has a product to sell. Many small producers don't even hire outside labor. The labor is performed by members of the family. And yet, they are made to suffer because their product doesn't carry the prescribed label.

In many cases, the boycott is a punitive device designed to force workers out of one union and into another.

A great many people believe it is morally wrong to use an economic boycott to enforce a demand. It is amazing that religious leaders took such a course in the first place. Where in Christian teaching is there reference to the use of economic force in order to get compliance from people?

Earl W. McMunn, *Editor*
The Ohio Farmer
Columbus, Ohio

After reading *Will the Third Great Awakening Miss the Churches?* [page 15] and Mr. Aycock's comments in *Say It!* [page 19] in the May *Together*, I have to "say it" myself.

As a military wife, I've come into contact with both charismatic and conservative persons—and very few share my particular outlook and understanding. However, I do share with these groups a desire to spread the Christian message. Consequently I share religious activities with them.

The charismatic people have taught me that I need to convey my beliefs and Christian understanding. (They also concern me because they feel I need an experience similar to theirs to be a genuine Christian.)

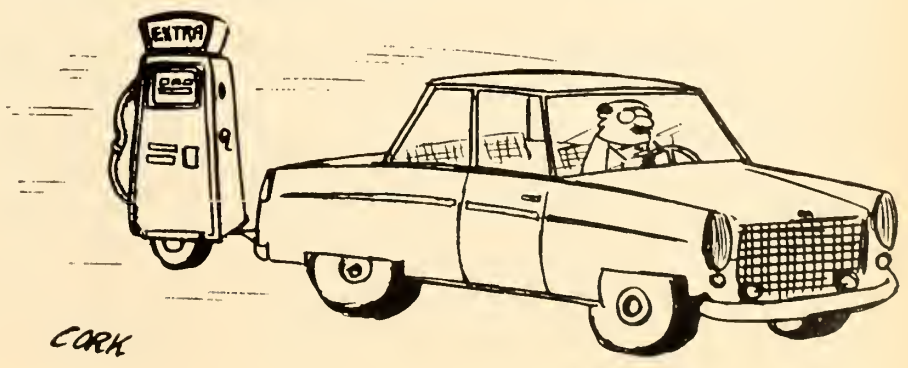
The conservatives have reminded me of the need I have for Christ as Savior. (But I feel they have failed me with their concepts of evangelism and mission because it means so often that one must adopt their way and interpretation to be a genuine Christian. The liberal is no better when he presents his ideas; i.e., the Social Creed as "the Way.")

What really seems to be needed by all Christians, no matter which path they take to Christ, is a reevaluation of themselves in light of the two great commandments Christ gave us: to love God with all one's heart and to love one's neighbor as oneself.

If this love were shown and used by all who call themselves Christian, there would be no need for the Social Creed which Mr. Aycock dislikes defending or for many of our laws. We wouldn't need a welfare program because love would take care of those in need and show them a better way. We wouldn't need the military to stop communism because Christian love is superior to any other communistic system.

I have been accused of being unrealistic in expressing these ideas —but were not the early Christians thought to be crazy by their contemporaries? We can achieve these radical changes by letting the Holy Spirit live in us as we show our love for God and neighbor.

Mrs. Margery A. Schleicher
Fort Benning, Ga.



GIVE YOUR CHILD THE GIFT OF DREAMING

By Julius Segal

Since 1959, Dr. Segal has been a psychologist on the staff of the National Institute of Mental Health, Bethesda, Md. He has written articles for a number of national magazines, is co-author of two books, and has appeared on many television programs including the *Today Show*, the *Tonight Show*, and the *Dick Cavett Show*. In 1967 he became the first psychologist to receive the Distinguished Science Writer's Award of the American Psychological Association. —*Your Editors*

"Don't just sit there, for heaven's sake. *Do* something!"

Those commands, or reasonably similar ones, are spoken each day in countless homes across the country.

They are addressed to idle children sprawled in impossible poses before the fireplace, draped across unmade beds, or sitting alone on easy chairs, surrounded by the gathering dusk. They are delivered by parents for whom inactivity has become a social sin, for whom *doing* the tangible, *accomplishing* the constructive, and *learning* the factual are the essential goals of childhood.

In our zest for helping (or pushing) our children up the ladder of success, we thus often abuse an important aspect of their growth—the idle moments of introspec-

tion and rumination, the hours of pure fantasy and daydreaming that are so precious to the young mind and so vital to the development of a rich personality.

When a child hears a distant, abrasive voice breaking into his reverie, he may, for example, be forced to leave the controls of a rocket in mid-orbit; to tell a Hollywood director no, I can't do that screen test with Dustin Hoffman; to give up the last precious step in a crucial chemical experiment; or to stop just short of finding a satisfactory answer to the riddle of birth or death—an answer no adult could give to a question that no adult could understand.

The fact that such apparently unproductive pursuits are private does not reduce their real value. "A man is not idle," wrote Victor Hugo, "because he is absorbed in thought. There is a visible labour and there is an invisible labour."

The same is true for the child—only the private workings of a child's mind are even more precious than those of the adult's. The youngster who is rudely catapulted from his idle moments in the lazy world of fantasy and solitary thought is being blocked from more than a temporary feeling of happiness and well-being, important as that is. He is being deprived of an opportunity to test the limits of his soaring interests, or to develop an identification with heroic figures, or to puzzle out a personal solution to one of life's perplexities.

These pursuits are not tangible, but they are as important in their own way as the hours spent learning the Boy Scout code, the multiplication tables, the piano scales, or the stance that Little Leaguers must take at home plate. *Being* President, even for a few imaginative minutes, is undoubtedly as enriching an experience as memorizing the Gettysburg Address.

Consider this description of the normal seven-year-old by Dr. Arnold Gesell, derived from years of careful observations at the Yale Clinic of Child Development. "The seven-year-old goes into lengthening periods of calmness and self-absorption, during which he works his impressions over and over, oblivious to the outer world. . . . He needs his moments of reflection as well as of action. Through his inner life as well as through his outward conduct, he achieves his adjustments. . . . We cannot do justice to the psychology of the seven-year-old unless we recognize the importance of his private mental activities."

Why is it then that we cheat our children, as one wise mother put it, by insisting on an endless round of planned activities that leaves no room for the spontaneous and private joys of idleness, the jeweled and magical moments of loafing and daydreaming so dear to our own childhood?

The answer lies partly in the natural tendency we have to impose on our children some of the values and attitudes that motivate us as adults. The double A's of modern, competitive life, achievement and adjustment, have become the criteria of the good life, not only for ourselves but, through us, for our children as well. Our children are being asked to join us in the cutthroat competitiveness and the shabby win-or-else complex of the adult jungle.

The talents of many a tender, contemplative child will not survive the junior rat race toward success and popularity. Sandy, a ten-year-old in our neighborhood, is typical. Her week is crammed with an unending series of intellectual and social obligations—from language lessons to music classes, from carefully programmed library visits to parent-planned parties.

At the end of a day, my curlyheaded friend is as tired and emotionally spent as her frenetic parents. More important, she is given no pause to dream instead of do, to reflect and wonder instead of work and accomplish. Sandy is a product of an age well described by sociologist David Riesman who notes that "we live now, think later."

The modern computer expert would diagnose us, and our children, as suffering from "too many inputs." The channels of communication to our minds are dangerously overloaded with information and ideas that tantalize us at every turn. We force our brains, like Sandy's, to accept input after input as we move from night school to business meeting to PTA to concert hall to bowling alley to book club.

Our intent is to miss nothing, but the result is that we miss *ourselves*. Nowhere in such a psychologically cluttered environment are there the moments of peace to contemplate our lives, to reflect about our needs and interests, or to fantasy our wildest dreams. The thought of idleness fills us with guilt, and we cannot, of course, accept in our children what we reject for ourselves.

WE WOULD DO well to ponder the observation of Loren Eiseley, a leading American educator. "There are other truths," writes Dr. Eiseley, "than those contained in laboratory burners, on blackboards, or in test tubes." These are the truths that the child discovers for himself in the privacy of his own experiences.

Our children have little opportunity for such discoveries. If a youngster wants to sit and whittle, we sign him up for a course at the Y three nights a week and call it wood carving, thus transforming a refreshingly aimless pursuit into a debilitating "artistic" endeavor. Let a child bounce a ball or scratch a grubby design in the dust, and we lavish on him a king's ransom in equipment.

Our hunger to have our children achieve practical goals is matched only by our need to have them meet modern standards of adjustment—the ability to mix and be socially popular. As a result, for the contemporary American, moments of seclusiveness and solitude are conditions to be avoided and even feared.

It is an unforgivable sin of our society that we have equated a spirit of contemplation with "oddball" personality; there is little room left today for the young thinker. *Thou shalt socialize* is the eleventh commandment of modern juvenile life. The den, made for solitude, has become the family room, outfitted for frenzied activity. The theme of suburban living is togetherness —in the Scout troop, the dancing class, the ball field. There are few opportunities for precious *aloneness* in a field of clover or on the front-porch rocker.

Many parents view the child who lacks an outgoing personality as the victim of a serious psychological problem. I have met some mothers who recoil at the private introspections of their children, taking them as the symptoms of an incipient psychosis.

To be sure, chronic daydreaming and withdrawal are

hardly the signs of good mental health. The habitually seclusive and pensive child should be given professional attention. And the child who regularly wanders into fantasy when he should be working—at school, for example—also needs help.

But this does not mean that our children should be deprived of the luxury of retreating at times into their private worlds of inaction and reverie. The fact is that such behavior, far from being pathological, is often the springboard for true accomplishment. Too often we fail to recognize that the freedom to conjure and dream in flights of the imagination is an integral element of the truly creative process.

Recent research on sleep and dreams has exposed anew the importance of our fantasy life. Many of the world's most creative insights have occurred not in moments of intense concentration on the workaday world but when the person was totally absorbed in his inner world of dreams. Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, used his nightly dreams as sources for his stories. August Kekulé, a noted German scientist of the 18th century, translated one of his daydreams into a classic discovery in organic chemistry. He imagined a snake holding its tail in its mouth and suddenly recognized that the fantasy was important to certain structural problems he was trying to solve. His own inner life produced the concept of the benzene ring.

No longer do psychologists regard dreams only as windows to lurking pathology. Today we see the dream as a rich part of man's creative and reflective process. The Senoi people of the Malay Peninsula long have known this truth and acted on it. At breakfast, Senoi families discuss one another's dreams openly together, and from seemingly idle fantasies, each child is encouraged to learn lessons that will be useful in his waking world.

Perhaps it is the struggle for private inner experiences that propels so many of our contemporary youth onto the dangerous path of drug use. By their own testimony, many youngsters today are repelled by the fruitless attempts of the adults around them to respond only to external demands, to worry only about the world outside.

Recently, investigators at Harvard University studied the physiological effects of a meditation technique known as transcendental meditation. The technique is simple. The person sits alone for a brief period each day, eyes closed, thinking about a particular sound, without forcing concentration or even considering the meaning of the idle thoughts that float through his mind. Among 400 students interviewed after practicing transcendental meditation, 84 percent judged that their mental health had improved significantly, some specifying that they had fewer depressions and suicidal thoughts. The impact on drug use was considerable. For example, 80 percent of the students had smoked marijuana. After 6 months, only 36 percent continued; after 21 months, only 12 percent were smokers. Similarly, the use of LSD dropped from 48 percent to 3 percent. Abuse of narcotics, amphetamines, and barbiturates also declined sharply. The researchers found a total reversal of formerly favorable attitudes toward drug use.

The opportunity to refresh the inward spirit rather than to please the world outside may be more important than we suspect. Many of the world's great creative spirits, I am convinced, would have dropped out the bottom of a modern psychologist's test for outgoingness and sociability. "I love tranquil solitude," sang the poet, Shelley, and it is doubtful whether it was group social activity that produced a Plato, a Da Vinci, or an Edison.

Even if the child's idle moments were never to result in intellectual accomplishments, they would continue to serve an important role in emotional development. Each of us, young or old, needs a private compartment of his mind that is not, c*ould* not be, shared with anyone. It is here that the child keeps private doubts too scandalous to reveal, private fears and hates too embarrassing to expose, private hopes too improbably gaudy to relate. Youngsters need idle moments to review their store of such thoughts and feelings and to decide which of them they are ready to share with us.

Who has not used idle flights of fancy as a means of healing a bruised and battered ego? Who has not dreamed the kind of daydreams that offer the sweet smell of success at times when reality provides only pain and defeat?

I recall with clarity how I found refuge in pretending I was an orchestra conductor when I was troubled as a child. My fantasies sealed forever the bond between me and great music, a bond of love that has enriched my life and sustained me at times of personal misfortune.

An old hand-crank Victrola became for me a fully live symphony orchestra, and the staff of a discarded flag was transformed into a conductor's baton. I would stand before a spinning record exhorting my orchestra to produce for me ever greater crescendos of sound, fancying myself a young Toscanini who would one day inherit the maestro's podium.

One afternoon when no one else was at home, Toscanini *did* in fact fall ill. I was called by a frantic concert manager from the kitchen to the dining room where the Victrola stood, and I was asked to take over the orchestra. Modestly, I accepted, and conducted an entire symphony from memory.

I was, in the best tradition of Walter Mitty, a smashing success, and I shall never forget my wise mother turning her glance aside when she returned home. She knew better than to intrude and spoil my victory.

Hours like these took me from my childish disappointments and griefs. No matter that my joys were private, or that I was never a Little Leaguer or a Boy Scout. No matter, too, that my involvement in music has never amounted to more than a terribly precious hobby. My life has been enriched in ways too profound to measure on any test of achievement.

The late psychiatrist, Harry Stack Sullivan, maintained that it is only in the years before we become adults that our spirits are sufficiently untarnished to realize true happiness. "I believe that for a great majority of our people," wrote Dr. Sullivan, "preadolescence is the nearest they come to untroubled human life, that from then on the stresses of life distort them to inferior caricatures of what they might have been."

We must help our children live their untroubled days as they were meant to be lived, as a time of building for the difficult years ahead. To do so, they must have from us a precious gift—the gift of dreaming. □

A Morning at Ebenezer

By Mary Ella Stuart

IT WAS A bright April Sunday morning in Atlanta, Ga., and we decided to walk to Ebenezer Baptist Church. Intentionally, we arrived an hour before the worship service was to begin.

A few yards from the church, a high white circular fence surrounds the now famous grave. A plain gray marble stone with the words "Free at last, free at last / Thank God, I'm free at last" covers the grave. An eternal flame burns at its west end.

Almost automatically one recalls the voice heard on television: "I have a dream . . . I have a dream." Then, the exact words inscribed here on the grave marker just as he himself had spoken them.

The church is somewhat smaller, less impressive than I had pictured it. But the sanctuary is just as I had seen it on television that day, and I could still envision Coretta King and her children sitting to the left of the center front pew—Harry Belafonte next to her, Jacqueline Kennedy toward the back, and so many of our country's great sitting in this humble Baptist church. I could close my eyes and hear again the voice of the late Mahalia Jackson singing, "Hold my hand, precious Lord, lead me on."

In a short time the nave was filled with worshipers, including many visitors like ourselves. Members of Ebenezer often have to use overflow rooms, equipped with closed-circuit television, in order to participate in the service. Martin Luther King, Sr., still Ebenezer's pastor, still erect and strong at 76, appeared with two other men on the platform in front of the choir loft.

The Scripture was from the parable of the lost sheep: "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" (Luke 15:4, KJV.) The sermon which followed was much like I used to hear as a child at camp meetings:

"No man ever plans to be lost," said Dr. King. "Just like the little sheep, he starts nibblin' at the sweet green grass all around him and he jus' keeps nibblin' and nibblin' and finding still greener grass to nibble. And pretty soon the sun goes down, but he doesn't know it 'cause he's having such a good time. 'Fore he knows it, it's dark, and he's nibbled himself a long ways from home and he's lost.

"No alcoholic ever plans on being one. He thinks he'll just take a social drink with his friends—jus' nibblin', you know—and pretty soon he's got so he can't do without it and he's lost. He can't find his way home. He's nibbled too long.

"And then there's the man who is married—and he hasn't any idea of getting lost. But he sees that pretty gal an' he stays out with her, and 'fore he knows it it's two o'clock in the mornin'. He begins wonderin' what he'll tell his wife. Now that man never planned to get lost, nor to be a liar either. But he got to nibblin' and before he knew it he was lost.

"Then there were some people in the church that got to pickin' on the minister and on what was goin' on there. Nothin' was right, and their faces began to look sour and hate-

ful—just nibblin' away with gossip and fault-findin' till 'fore they know it, they're lost and can't find their way back. They never planned not to be loving, but they started nibblin'.

"I tell you people I hate sin! But I don't hate the sinner. I don't hate Earl Ray—I refuse to hate him. I hate the sin that got in him and made him kill my son. But I plan to go on lovin' him in spite of everything. I love everybody. I love each one of you—no matter what color you are or what your hair is like. (I even like my own hair—what little I've got!) We get lost when we hate the sinner but don't do anything about helping him get rid of the sin."

The sermon was simple, direct, effective. The air was full of emotion, and I found a tear running down my cheek. I've missed this kind of simple preaching with its conviction of sin. We are so afraid of guilt complexes and personal moral conviction these days that most sermons are almost completely lacking in emphasis on individual responsibility.

The life of Martin Luther King, Jr., took on a new dimension as we heard this man of God who was his father. The senior Dr. King is the incarnation of his preaching. No wonder he produced such a son!

During the altar call, we sang softly, "Just as I am without one plea." Shouts of "Amen" and "Yes, Lord" rang throughout the church. Two persons came forward to make commitments for Christ. As we were dismissed, members of the congregation were encouraged to shake hands with others within immediate reach.

How often life's most challenging and rewarding experiences take place "on the edges," as it were, of the places where we expect to find meaning. We were in Atlanta for the meeting of our church's most important assembly, the General Conference. But for me, that Sunday morning at Ebenezer Church was one of those times when, as C. S. Lewis expressed it in the title of his autobiography, we were "surprised by joy." □

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CABLE TV — WHY IS THE CHURCH SO INTERESTED?

By Helen Johnson
Associate Editor, *Together*

VERY FEW of us look like stars on television, but we all share a thrill when we see ourselves on the tube. I was no exception as I sat in the Nebraska Center for Continuing Education watching myself interview some Nebraska Wesleyan University students about their attitudes toward dormitory and dating policies on the campus.

The interview was being fed to a perfectly ordinary television set by a tape recorder. A United Methodist minister, the Rev. Earl H. Reed of Loup City, Nebr., and I had made the tape as an assignment during a short course on cable TV.

We filmed our interviews with a portable video-tape recorder that consisted of a television camera small enough to hold in your hands and a battery-powered recording unit zipped into a case with a shoulder strap so it could be carried over the shoulder.

Portable? Well, yes, but preferably portable by two people. Each of us interviewed, and each of us taped, and if the results weren't professional quality, they convinced us that this was something we could do successfully with a little practice. A group of students accompanied by Phyllis Johnson of New York University's Alternate Media Center, who was there to teach us how to use equipment, did tape an appealing sequence that showed children from a day-care center in Lincoln's Epworth United Methodist Church as they played in a nearby park.

The 43 short-course students came from ten states and represented a cross section of the church. Some had had practical experience with cable TV or television production. Others, like me, had had none. Our "faculty" included people with solid background in television from the United Methodist Communications staff (formerly TRAFCO), the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission (BFC), the Alternate Media Center, the Christian Church, and the United Church of Christ.

The Rev. Earl H. Reed is at the camera as the Rev. Julius E. Early from Amarillo, Texas (left), and the Rev. Bill Richards from United Methodist Communications simulate a "talk" show.

The short course on the University of Nebraska campus at Lincoln was one of a series of regional workshops on cable TV the church is holding across the country. It was sponsored by United Methodism's South Central Jurisdiction in cooperation with the church's Joint Committee on Communications, Nebraska Conference Communications, and the BFC.

Why should the church be so interested in cable TV? For that matter, what *is* cable TV?

CATV, or Community Antenna Television, began a little over 20 years ago when the first master antennas were installed on mountaintops to feed hard-to-get TV signals to subscribers' sets in the valleys below. The feeding was done via interference-free coaxial cable, and it brought excellent pictures and sound to the sets of subscribers who paid installation and monthly service fees. It had nothing to do with the origination of programs; it was purely a commercial venture, but it brought television to a widening number of communities.

For a long time bringing pictures to sets in poor reception areas was all that CATV did do. But one coaxial cable can carry from 12 to 20 channels, and either through one cable or several connected cables it offers a practically unlimited potential.

Cable TV can bring us local news and information in greater detail than we get from over-the-air broadcasts. It gives political candidates a way to reach the public at costs they and their parties can afford.

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having to leave home. You can vote by using a signaling device installed on your set. Similar two-way equipment lets children who aren't able to go to school be taught at home.

Local boards of education or community colleges can offer adult-education courses. Ethnic groups can share their festivals and customs. Various special interests can be served because cable TV does not require mass audiences as over-the-air broadcasting does. There is room for every element in the community to have its say.

Cable makes pay television a practical possibility. And in the future we may do our banking and shopping by cable TV. Utility companies may read our meters through it. Our television sets may act as burglar alarms or health monitoring systems. With a facsimile attachment, the set may deliver our newspaper in print-out form. We may even get some of our mail by TV.

More important than all of these, though, are public-access channels. Each cable system must provide at least one, and when anybody asks for time to say something, the operator must grant a minimum of five minutes free time on the public-access channel in which to say it. People are taken on a first-come, first-served basis, and the cable-system operator has no control over what is said other than to insist that it cannot be obscene or defamatory.

The church can be present on cable TV in a variety of ways from worship services to drama and discussion programs. You may find such programs on the local-origination channels that larger systems (over 3,500 subscribers) are required to have. But if a group of churches feels that their cable operator isn't interested enough in the kind of programming they think the system should have, they can lease a channel to use any way they want to.

A key factor in such do-it-yourself TV is the portable black-and-white video-tape recorder. This costs around $1,500, which is expensive for most local churches. However, one unit can be used cooperatively by a group of churches. Or one could be owned by a district or a conference. The half-inch video tape it turns out isn't prime broadcast quality, but it can be used for transmission in a cable TV studio merely by making some simple and inexpensive adaptations.

Entirely apart from cable-system use, a portable unit has many uses within a local church. It can be used as closed-circuit TV. Young people can take tapes of worship services to shut-ins, hospitals, or nursing homes. Youth can study "adult culture" via video tape. Tapes of laboratory schools and other teacher-training events can be brought back to people who couldn't attend them personally. Groups can get an immediate playback of themselves in action and perhaps improve their functioning. Drama can be put on the TV screen. The minister can see his pulpit performance.

The possibilities are endless—in a few minutes the students at the Lincoln short course came up with nearly 50 suggestions—and the television screen has a powerful fascination for people. It seems to be more personal than seeing the same thing on film, and the cost of using video tape is tiny in comparison to the cost of sound motion-picture film, especially when you realize that tape can be reused a number of times.

But the church also is looking outward to the effect that cable TV can have on the quality of our lives. Cable can unite people into a greater sense of community and creativity, but it can divide, too. It all depends on how it is used.

Resources on Cable TV

* *A Short Course in Cable*. Twelve-page booklet available free from the Office of Communication, United Church of Christ, 289 Park Ave. S., New York, N.Y. 10010.
* *Cable Television: A Guide for Citizen Action* (Pilgrim Press, $2.95). Excellent paperback book by Monroe Price and John Wicklein.
* *Cable Television in the Cities* (The Urban Institute, 2100 M St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037, $3.95). On community control, public access, and minority ownership.
* *Cable Information*. Monthly newsletter issued by Cable Information Service, National Council of Churches, Room 852, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027. $10 a year.
* *The Wired Nation* (Harper & Row Colophon paperback, $1.95) by Ralph Lee Smith.

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Nearly 5 million people in this country are served by some 2,800 cable systems, and more than 2,000 other communities have granted franchises and are waiting for systems to be built. The industry is looking forward to having 30 million homes on the line by 1980.

Practically all cable systems today are owned by private enterprise and are operated solely to make a profit. Alternate forms of ownership include nonprofit community corporations, municipal ownership, and ownership by a community association or a coalition of community groups.

On March 1, 1972, Federal Communications Commission (FCC) rules for cable TV went into effect. However, cable systems in the top 100 television markets that were in existence before that time were given five years to bring their operations up to standards. These standards call for at least one public-access channel, one channel for local government, one channel for education, and one channel on which the system can orginate its own programs. Then, in accordance with CATV's original function, each system must provide subscribers with the regular programming of all three networks and all local TV stations within a radius of 35 miles.

The FCC certifies franchises and requires that they meet minimum standards and have received an "adequate" public hearing. But the FCC does not insist that each franchise provide for the full potentialities of cable. Only an alert and informed community can assure itself of this.

The time for people to become alert and informed is before the question of franchise even comes up. This is where church people can provide much-needed leadership. The Broadcasting and Film Commission and the communications divisions of several denominations can supply bibliographies and other basic information that will help communities learn what they can expect from a good franchise and how they can keep from being shortchanged by a bad one.

And what about those communities that do have inadequate franchises? With creative community involvement, there are still a lot of things to be done, and here again the church can take the lead. □

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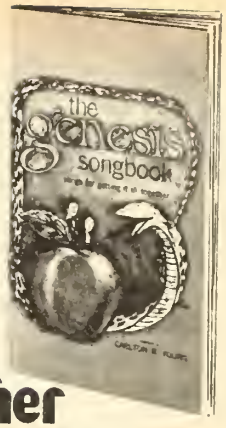

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The decision the United States Supreme Court handed down June 21 defines obscenity more specifically than previous court rulings, but it still may result in many variances of interpretation. In permitting states to forbid descriptions of sexual conduct that are "patently offensive" and lack "serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific values," the Supreme Court leaves it up to community attitudes to decide what "patently offensive" is.

Less permissive than former Supreme Court decisions, the recent ruling reflects a ground swell of resistance to the increasing number of movie houses showing *X*-rated films, the ads for adults-only films that appear in daily newspapers, and the appearance of hard-core pornographic bookstores in many a surprised neighborhood.

In Jamestown, N.Y., the city council already had banned *X*-rated films, adults-only bookstores, and peep shows by enacting an ordinance that bans businesses that don't admit children. The only exemptions in Jamestown are businesses controlled by the Alcoholic Beverage Law or places that do allow youngsters if they are accompanied by adults.

Since last October the Oklahoma Publishing Company—owner of the *Oklahoma City Times*, the *Daily Oklahoman*, the *Sunday Oklahoman*, and WKY-TV and WKY radio—has refused to carry advertising for *X*-rated films. Last spring this policy was extended to *R*-rated films unless representatives of the company could see advance screenings.

Several grand jury indictments against hard-core pornography have been handed down in Washington, D.C. And numerous communities across the country have closed the hard-core film *Deep Throat*.

Even in Europe, which we think of as being more permissive than the United States, there has been a backlash against pornography and sexual exploitation. West Germany, Britain, Italy, Yugoslavia, and France have all applied tighter restrictions. And Copenhagen, Denmark, with its reputation as the most permissive of European cities, has closed clubs featuring live sex shows.

In this country as elsewhere, producers of hard-core films and books are in business to make money, and if they see profits threatened by less than national distribution, they will be more cautious about what they produce. But some of them probably will turn to films and books that stress extreme violence and sadism, and this will be very bad. There isn't much legal control over this kind of offensiveness, and it is at least as dangerous as pornography. So don't breathe too freely if pornography disappears from your community.

In fact, any restriction on the free flow of ideas may bring unexpected results.

"Mounting efforts by government to inhibit the free expression of ideas and the full reporting of information pose a major crisis for those who believe that truth and the freedom to explore the truth are fundamental to the Christian view of persons," United Methodist Communications has warned.

The communicators have urged the church to offer programs to study the fundamental issues of freedom of information, to examine legislation designed to protect the rights of the First Amendment, and to acquaint all members with the role and responsibility of the communications media in our society.

TV

There's no community cable TV in Shreveport, La., but the First United Methodist Church of Shreveport is using four-channel, closed-circuit color television equipment within the church that is equalled in few if any other local churches.

The closed-circuit system, which went into operation last December, feeds study material to church-school classes, particularly Bible-study material for adult classes. It also feeds Sunday morning worship services to Channel 12, Shreveport, which airs

". . . and God bless Mommy and Daddy. This is not a recording."

them to an audience estimated at 60,000. During Holy Week last spring, the station also aired video-taped portions of a concert that had taken place earlier at the church.

Adults have warmed up slowly to the idea of watching television in church school, but growing attendance in adult classes indicates that it is catching on. The young, of course, have accepted it without question from the beginning because TV always has been a part of their lives.

On most Sunday mornings you will find perhaps a thousand adults, young people, and children in church school. The minister, the Rev. David L. Dykes, Jr., says that closed-circuit TV is putting greater depth into their study and learning experiences. "We think that TV is really part of the future," he says.

In spite of the passing of old shows and the birth of new ones on network prime time, we'll be seeing about the same themes this fall that we've been seeing all along. Anything different will have to come from network specials, and here are a few of those to look for in September. All times are Eastern Daylight Time, but consult your local listings for schedule shifts and additional programs.

Sept. 5 on NBC, 8:30-11 p.m. Rerun of the film *A Man for All Seasons*.

Sept. 6 on ABC, 8-9 p.m. National Geographic special: *Wind-Raiders of the Sahara*. Explorers use sand yachts to travel 2,000 miles across the desert to view the wonders of an ancient civilization.

Sept. 8 on ABC, 9-10 p.m. *Woman's Place*. ABC News special written by Marlene Sanders that examines the conditioning we receive through the media on male and female places in our society.

Print

In his best-selling novel **The Word** (now in paper, Pocket Books, $1.95) Irving Wallace wrote about violence and intrigue surrounding the discovery of a new gospel.

There aren't any such shenanigans in **The Secret Gospel** (Harper & Row, $5.95). Nevertheless, this is an anecdotal, interesting telling of how Morton Smith, an ancient-history professor at Columbia University, discovered a copy of a letter that a second-century saint, Clement, had written about a secret gospel of Mark. The letter spoke of secret teachings of Jesus and quoted a passage that told of Jesus practicing magical rites.

Professor Smith tells about the actual discovery of the letter, how he went about authenticating and dating it, how he established the long-vanished secret gospel's relation to the New Testament, and of what it might mean for the history of early Christianity. He doesn't claim to have found the absolute proof for all the conclusions that he draws, but he says that he has searched for the most probable explanations.

The winner of the 1973 National Book Award in philosophy and religion is **A Religious History of the American People** (Yale University Press, $19.50) by Yale professor Sydney E. Ahlstrom.

Said William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Harvey Cox, and Charles Frankel, judges for the philosophy and religion division: "Watch them and hear them all! The frontier preachers, the earnest founders of holy commonwealths, the visionary utopians, the ecstatic seers of mountain visions and kingdoms coming. Here is not only the most complete but one of the liveliest books on American religion yet written."

Charles L. Allen, pastor of First United Methodist Church in Houston, Texas, distributed a booklet to the people of his church that contained 31 different versions of the 13th chapter of First Corinthians—Paul's magnificent discourse on love.

"I asked the people to read one version of this chapter each day for a month. Each Sunday the sermon was on love. Marvelous things happened in the lives of many people during that month," he says.

You'll find those 31 versions in **The Miracle of Love** (Revell, $3.95). They are preceded by Dr. Allen's own thoughts on Christian love. The simplicity and warmth of this readable book are underlaid by strong theological grounding. It might change your life.

—*Helen Johnson*

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Letters

ARTICLE ON SOCIAL DRINKING SHOULD BE WIDELY REPRINTED

I want to express my appreciation to you for printing *They're Not All on Skid Row* [June, page 36] by Sara Owen.

I think it is a very fine story and I wish it could be printed and reprinted in thousands of newspapers and magazines. I think it should be presented to young people to help them see what influence is brought to bear on them by their parents' actions. Also, it might help persons to see how their actions can be duplicated by their children.

Some way has to be found to eliminate the idea that alcohol has to be served when people get together. Not a TV show is free of it, and it is the curse of the United States.

MRS. FRANCES J. WORSLEY
Springfield, Va.

PROHIBITION DIDN'T FAIL; PROPAGANDA KILLED IT

The dangers which result from the social acceptance of drinking are very well stated in *They're Not All on Skid Row*. But the author is incorrect in saying, "We know Prohibition wasn't the answer."

Most Americans are astonished to learn that history records that Prohibition did not fail; it was as well observed and enforced as most other laws.

Fletcher Dobyns, a Chicago lawyer, spent five years on uninterrupted research to learn the facts about Prohibition. His findings are in his book, *The Amazing Story of Repeal*, published in 1940 and recently reprinted. Mr. Dobyns found that a group of men who were recognized business and social leaders deliberately organized, conducted, and promoted a campaign to overthrow Prohibition. A committee of 578, composed of authors and artists, was engaged by this Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

Tragically many Americans believed the false propaganda in spite of verified facts that Prohibition very greatly reduced drunkenness and crime. Welfare costs diminished. Commitments for alcoholic insanity dropped. Automobile accident deaths fell. Manufacturers, physicians, nurses, and social workers testified to a reduction of disease, poverty, crime, and vice under Prohibition.

MRS. JEAN B. ROTHE
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'QUIT CODDLING BOOZE'

I read with disdain *They're Not All on Skid Row*. I wonder if the "activity" engaged in by the cocktail-drinking crowd of the author's church isn't just that—activity. We have too much activity in our churches today which isn't leading men and women to a commitment to Jesus Christ. I doubt seriously if the activity-minded crowd would be interested in a revival, Lay Witness Mission, midweek prayer meeting, or personal evangelism.

Let's quit coddling booze and call it sin—and hold high the standard of total abstinence.

ROLAND W. KELLY
Seaford, Del.

BISHOP KENNEDY DESCRIBED 'DYNAMIC CHRISTIANITY'

It has seemed as if *Together* couldn't "get with it" to help make our Christianity dynamic. However, Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy's *To See Right Prevail* [May, page 38] is a long step in the right direction.

It seemed as if we had too many retired ministers crying about something touching on our church dogmas—which helps not at all to make religion live for us. I've always thought dogmatic discussions instead helped put up barriers to our youth.

Bishop Kennedy points out something worthwhile. I also agree that we should put a stopwatch on a lot of ministers to hold down sermons that go in a circle interminably.

WILLARD O. MOORE
Clearwater, Fla.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION ABHORS CRIME ALSO

I want to respond to Helen K. Carpenter's remarks about hunting and the National Rifle Association [see *Letters*, July, page 38].

I wonder if she has ever gone on a hunt or ever fired a gun.

The National Rifle Association is not—repeat, NOT—opposed to gun laws which will do what the lawmakers say they are for—to curb crime. But in most cases, such laws do not do what they are supposed to do after they are passed. They are sort of putting the cart before the horse. The laws are directed at an inanimate object, a gun. The old cliche is true: guns don't kill people; people kill people. Autos don't kill people; it's the nut behind the wheel doing it. We have laws against the driver of a car who commits vehicular homicide. Why shouldn't the same type of laws be passed against the bad user of a gun?

We do not have a gun problem—we have a crime problem. Laws directed against guns is not the answer; it has to be laws against the misusers of guns.

RICHARD M. NEEDHAM
Lancaster, Ohio

LOGIC STRONG, BUT HE'S STILL AGAINST HUNTING

It is difficult to refute the persuasive logic of Rossalius C. Hanson, a professional wildlife manager [see *Say It!*, May, page 19]. However, I must try.

Mr. Hanson says that much of the anti-hunting sentiment today is tied in with anti-war movements. That is an opinion which needs verification. I, for instance, am not anti-war but I am anti-hunting. He cites our slaughter of thousands of domestic animals for food. Let us pray that modern technology will find a protein source in soybeans, peanuts, or other plants which will make animal slaughter unnecessary. He says sportsmen do not "glow in the act of killing the prey." Then why can't they be satisfied with "shooting" their prey with a camera at the end of the hunt?

He also says that "a bullet is no more inhumane than packinghouse butchering techniques." If Mr. Hanson is a hunter, he knows full well of instances when an animal has died a lingering death from a bullet-inflicted wound or has fallen prey to predators because of a shattered leg. He says wolves

inflict terrible wounds on deer or moose before they die. Should we emulate nature's savages?

And does he believe it is a "character-building experience" for a youth to use a high-powered rifle to gun down a helpless animal who has no weapon but flight?

GEORGE F. PLATTS
Ormond Beach, Fla.

STOCK INVESTMENT SUPPORTING CHAVEZ UNWISE

Regarding *The Church as Stockholder: Discovering Proxy Power* [July, page 10], I seriously question the wisdom of those who, with Women's Division funds, purchased stocks in an orange-juice company for the express purpose of aiding Cesar Chavez.

MRS. DOROTHY TUEL
Tonawanda, N.Y.

'THIRD AWAKENING' PIECE FORGETS THE INDIVIDUAL

I am deeply concerned that you would publish Lyle E. Schaller's *Will the Third Great Awakening Miss the Churches?* [May, page 15].

This says that our Christian faith lies in social conversion and action—and ignores individual responsibilities.

When an individual personally accepts God as his Father in heaven, he is truly God's agent on earth. But when he emotionally joins forces with social-concerns groups, he is largely shifting his individual responsibility—which only he can fulfill—to the other members of the group.

We should never forget that Christ challenged the individual.

CASPER APELAND
Waukegan, Ill.

SCHALLER'S 'ISOLATIONISM' VERDICT LACKS EVIDENCE

Lyle E. Schaller's article was unified, coherent, and presented his views in a logical, persuasive manner. I wish that more articles would have his excellent type of writing. However, I wish to take issue with him on two points.

First, there is no evidence to support his statement that "a new wave of social, political, and ecclesiastical isolationism is growing all across the nation." I believe that we are merely entering an era where we will learn how to selectively help only those who are in need, instead of sharing what we have with all men in order to be sure that we reach those few who really need help. Christ did not advocate "cradle to the grave" socialism, as I understand Him. As Christians, we must use our resources wisely. Since our resources are limited, we should limit our assistance to only those in need. This philosophy should not be construed as isolationism but as a better way.

Second, why is the author upset about the phenomenal public response to such musical productions as *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Godspell?* Personally, I preferred the Passion Play at Oberammergau. But who are we to say that there is only one way to present Jesus Christ on the stage? I think these two musicals have told the story of Christ to receptive audiences who probably are not in church on Sunday morning. Might not the "diversities of gifts" include a gift to write these musical productions so they would reach the man outside of the Christian faith?

I know that Mr. Schaller—and all of us—pray that this religious revival will be a success by bringing untold millions to Jesus Christ. If that is accomplished, how can there be a social, political, or ecclesiastical isolationism anywhere?

ROY G. WARINER
Alexandria, Va.

DID MAGAZINE OUTLIVE ITS USEFULNESS?

I am surprised and dismayed to read in the May issue (*News*, page 11) that *Together* is to cease publication in January, to be replaced by something "that will meet the particular needs of the present day."

In spite of your saying that this action "in no way repudiates the effectiveness of these magazines in the past," it seems strange to me that after only 17 years—yes, I still have that first issue, October, 1956—it has been decided that *Together*, which received an award of merit for general excellence by Associated Church Press in May, 1972, has outlived its usefulness.

WINIFRED C. SHAW
Englewood, N.J.

Letters from a number of readers tell us that Together *continues to be a favorite magazine and retains its usefulness for many United Methodists. We believe that when* United Methodists Today *appears next January, it, too, will be useful to them. In addition, we feel that Today's content, emphases, and format will generate interest and support among United Methodists who aren't among Together's present subscribers.* —Your Editors

OBSCENE CALLER NEEDS TALK

I don't think the article *The Obscene Caller* by Margery M. Smith [May, page 33] conveyed a very Christian attitude. I do not believe that a woman or girl alone should just not answer the phone—it may be important. Nor do I believe she should say the person asked for is too busy to come to the phone when in fact he is not even there. However subtle, this is a lie.

I've found that simply talking about Jesus to people who threaten me in any way, large or small, surprises them so much that they no longer bother me. Maybe it just confuses them, but I hope that it makes them stop and think long enough to realize what they're doing is wrong.

BEV LUCUS
Gardner, Ill.

CHAUTAUQUA: VESPER HYMN WITH SPECIAL MEMORIES

I really enjoyed the article on Chautauqua in the June issue [see *Still Flourishing After a Century*, page 23].

I always loved the vesper hymn *Day Is Dying in the West*, but a new dimension was added to it for me when I read a number of years ago that the inspiration for and background of this lovely hymn was Lake Chautauqua.

The words were composed by Mary Artemisia Lathbury in 1877. The tune associated with this matchless hymn is called *Chautauqua*; it was composed by William F. Sherwin in 1877. Every verse gives expression to devotional experiences which leaders and students alike have felt as they gathered by Lake Chautauqua as the "day was dying in the West" to worship and to meditate.

MRS. MABEL L. SPONSLER
Warren, Pa.

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'In and Out of this World'

Dear Editur:

Yesterday a.m. my preacher Bro. Harol Viktor drove over and told me his wife Mrs. Bro. Viktor had urged him in a thretning voice to go git a haircut or else and he ast me: "Hegbert, wood you like to ride into the county seat with me so we can discuss what little their is to discuss about finances at the Elsewhere UM Church?"

"Well," I said, "it dont look like you have much hair to cut xcept around the edges, none on top, Bro. Viktor, altho it is growing down over your coller like you was trying to look like a bishup or senator."

"That is what my good wife says, Hegbert, but I assure you such is not my intent. Us men of the cloth must live in and out of this world and, frankly I am looking forward to gitting me one of them good old worldly barbar shop shaves. I have thot up some of my best sermons under the soothing application of those hot barbar shop towels."

When we stopt at Tooties Barbar Shoppe we seen a big crowd inside and a new barbar cutting hair. Tootie was loafing on a bench with the customers.

"What is wrong, Tootie?" I ast. "Have you sold your shop or sumthing?" and he said, "No, Hegbert, I have a bad case of authoritis and cant lift my arms, so had to bring in a new man."

"Well, maybe we had better cum back later, their are so many hear waiting this a.m."

"No, most have gaithered just to lissen as my new barbar is a real comic cutup whom nobody has outjoshed yet, not even me. Sit down, only 2 ahed of you."

"Next!" said the new barbar, and the Scroggins kid got up. "Mister barbar," he said, "I am about to have my pitcher took for the school anual and wood like for you to cut my hair so it will look like it aint bin cut in 3 weeks."

"Well," said the new barbar, "You go on back home. Your hair already looks like it aint bin cut for three weeks."

Everbody laffed and the new barbar said: "I guess you have notised that I have raised prices of Tooties to $1.25 per hed, same as I was gitting in the state capital. Reminds me of the man over their who said he thot he wood die when my haircuts went up from 40 to 50¢. But he kept cuming around. He said he thot he wood die when they went up to 75¢. I havent seen him sense I went up to $1.25, so I guess he must be ded."

When he said "whose next?" agin, a kid with the longest hair I ever seen on a boy got up. The new barbar xpressed grate surprise.

"I have had you in the corner of my eye, but didnt think you cum in for a haircut. I thot you just dropt in for a estimate.

"Now look at that boy whose hair I just cut. He was lazier when he got out of the chair than when he got in. Did you ever notise how a haircut or shave makes a man lazy? They git up from the chair, stretch, and go over and sit down. That is how the story started about Sampson losing his strength after Delilah cut his hair. It didn't weaken him. He just got lazy."

I looked over at Bro. Viktor xpecting him to take the smart alecky new barbar down a few pegs for such sackrilegious talk but Bro. Viktor, he just set their like he was thinking up a sermon and wasnt even in this world at all.

When the time cum for Bro. Viktor to be next I went over to the barbar and said this is my pasteur and wood you give him both a delux hair cut and shave at my xpense, as he likes to think up sermons in the barbar chair.

"Well, parson," the new barbar said, "I have got to hand it to you. You are not like most bald heded men. You didnt say comb it strait back, or part it in the middle, like most do. I always tell them I charge double if I have to hunt for the hair, but will make a xception in your case, parson, as I wood not want to be struck ded and am myself a church going man of a differunt faith."

Everbody was laffing and lissening but Bro. Viktor only grinned onct or twict and acted like he was still out of this world, where I supoze a preacher is when he is thinking up a sermon.

"It is a joy to shave you, parson. I've found that round fat faces like yours are easiest."

Bro. Viktor didnt say nothing until he got out of the chair. Then he turned to the new barbar and said, "I want to thank you, sir, for the tonsorial treat but wood like to make a comment in passing.

"Mister barbar, if you were shaving me, it hurt. But if you were trying to skin me alive, you were doing it mighty easy."

Then Bro. Viktor staggered and grabbed aholt of his throat.

"Water, water!" he cryed. "I must have a glass of water!"

"What's the matter, parson?" the new barbar ast xcitedly. "Do you have sumthing stuck in your throat?"

"No," Bro. Viktor said, "I just want to see if my neck leaks."

After which everbody laffed and clapped their hands and shouted "atta boy, preacher!" and we left with the new barbar standing their with his mouth open.

"Wasn't that fun, Hegbert?" Bro. Viktor ast. "And did you hear that clapping back their? That was, glory be, sweet, sweet music."

Which I guess it was to a preacher who dont never git cheered or applauded on Sunday morning, no matter how good a sermon he preaches.

Yours, *H. Clutter*

Through My Eyes

Look through my eyes, you of the city streets,
Surrounded by your walls of brick and stone,
You may have your glamour, but have you ever known
The sweetness of a meadow newly mown?
Have you walked in springtime along a country lane
And seen the miracle of life as it begins again?
Have you ever stood at evening and heard the night
birds call,
Or reveled in the lushness of farm orchards in the fall?
If you've never felt the sweep of winds
From out uncluttered skies,
Then I offer you my pity . . .
And please, look through my eyes.

—*Lula Lamme*

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